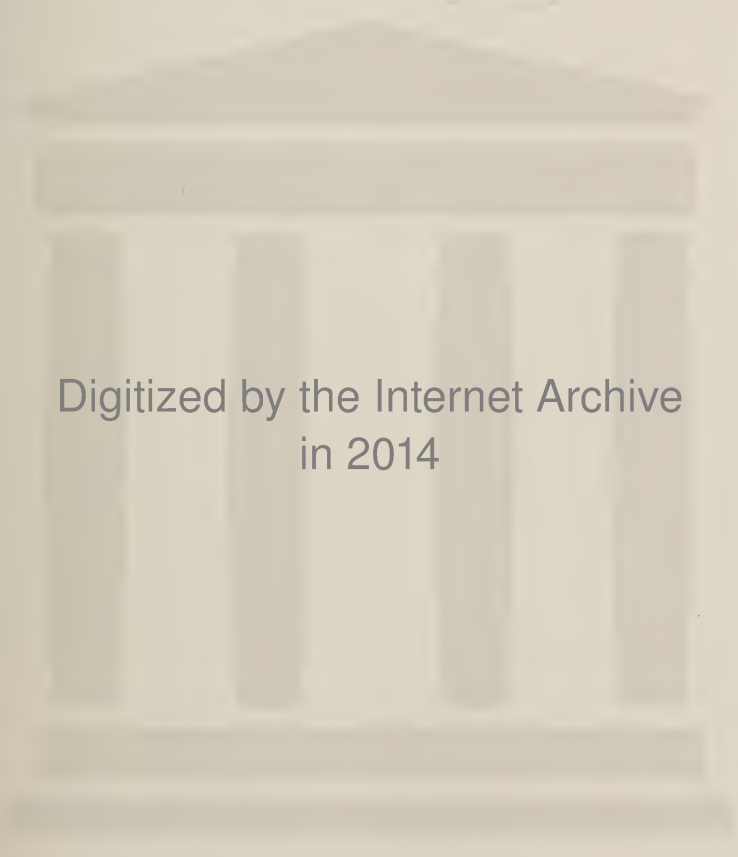




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FIELD AT HOME

VOLUME 59, NO. 1

SPRING 1983

Let all the woodland trees
cry out for joy.

Ps. 96:12



sisters **SO** of service

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Terry Fisher

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THE FIELD AT HOME
is published quarterly by the
Sisters of Service
10 Montcrest Boulevard
Toronto, Canada M4K 1J7
Subscription: \$2.00 a year
Single Copy: 50 cents
Second Class Mail
Registration Number 1106
Return Postage Guaranteed

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Printed by
Macdonald-Downie Ltd.

from the EDITOR'S DESK



There is legend told in Ireland about Jesus and Mary travelling along a lonely road. Jesus had already started to perform miracles at this time and when they passed by a blind man sitting at the side of the road Mary mentioned that the man was blind.

Jesus answered that was so but that his wife was in the woods with another man, and he was going to give the blind man his sight so that he could see his wife.

Mary told Jesus, "If you do, give the woman an excuse".

No sooner said than done the blind man stood up and looked all around and looking towards the woods he saw his wife. She knew that she had been seen and approached her husband.

When the husband said "You were with that man" she answered "If I hadn't been there you wouldn't have received your sight back".

However, I don't need an excuse for the choice of the theme for this issue.

In Matthew 19:14, Jesus said:

"Let the children come to me. Do not hinder them. The kingdom of God belongs to such as these. And he laid his hands on their heads before he left that place."

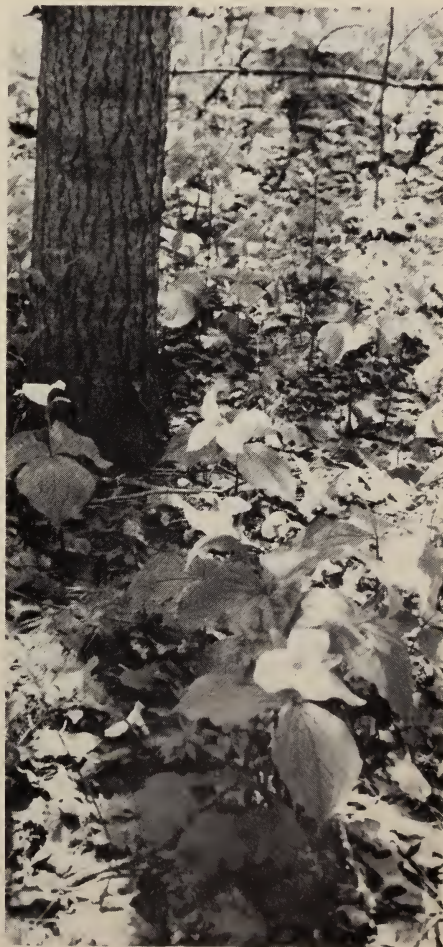
Children are specially blessed by God and I believe that is why they are specially sensitive to beautiful flowers and nature as gifts from God.

I recall many trips in my childhood into the "pasture" looking for wildflowers — this was before it was a "no-no" to pick the trilliums. In springtime there was always an abundance of violets, daisies and mayflowers where now Statistics Canada (in Ottawa) has "the monster of Tunney's Pasture" — but no wildflowers.

What would be nicer than a good walk

in the woods or parks to increase an awareness of God who gave His only Son for our Redemption?

HAPPY EASTER



A Tribute to the C.W.L.

It has been said "Woman's place is in the House — and in the Senate". After delving through pages from early issues of the Canadian League and the Field at Home as well as the Fall issue of the Canadian League (1982) I have become literally snowed under with the many accomplishments of the Catholic Women's League in their efforts for "God and Canada".

In a message to the Catholic Women's League in December 1923, Father George Daly, C.Ss.R. wrote:

"The missionary endeavour of the S.O.S. owes largely its success to the prayers and generosity of the Catholic Women's League of Canada. Having adopted this great undertaking as one of its "National" works, the League has given to it a loyal and generous support."

And in February 1924 he wrote:

"The C.W.L. of Canada was founded to link together the Catholic Womanhood of our country and to bring its influence to bear upon issues common to us all. Their motto: "For God and Country" fully expresses the lofty ideal of this great Catholic Organization."

There is much that has been written and can be written yet of the sincere and consistent work of the C.W.L. "For God and Country" during the early years until the present time.

At the National Convention of the C.W.L. held in 1982, a number of resolutions were discussed and passed by this Organization which has an active membership of 120,000, and is under the patronage of the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops.

The resolutions passed at the convention in 1982 are on:

1. The Role of Women in the Church
2. Sanctity of Life.
3. Home Pregnancy Test Kits
4. Involvement of Children in Adult Court
5. Cross-Examination re Juvenile Records in Adult Court
6. Income Tax Deductions for Children
7. Pornography — Exploitation of the Mind
8. T.V. Advertising of personal Feminine Products
9. Postal Benefits
10. Control of Nuclear Arms
11. Northern Benefits
12. Sale of Firearms and Ammunition
13. Fetal Alcohol Syndrome

The above resolutions, the objects of the C.W.L. and their past endeavours are evidences that the C.W.L. are in their place in the House — and in the Senate — and in the Church.

God bless you and thanks for over sixty years of help and encouragement to the S.O.S.

Ed.

*Life is Real! Life is Earnest!
And the grave is not its goal.
"Psalm of Life"*

God does not ask you to feel anxious, but to trust in Him no matter how you feel.

T. Merton

Sister Margaret Guest

Diamond Jubilarian — 1923-1983



*Somebody said that it couldn't
be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't but he would
be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried."*

Edgar A. Guest

Who is Margaret Guest? What has she done? Usually questions like this are answered with the phrase: "That's a good question?"

Sister Guest entered the Sisters of Service in September 1923. In 1924, Sister was sent to Camp Morton, Manitoba, our first Western mission, where she taught school.

On August 12, 1928 she was appointed Mistress of Novices, a position which she held until her election as Sister General at the S.O.S. First General Chapter on May 16, 1937. Sister resigned from this position because of ill health in 1948.

Sister Guest worked in the office at St. John's Hospital, Edson and studied for

Hospital Administration, and Medical Record Librarian. She received her M.R. Librarian Degree in March 1958 and had full command of that Department in Edson, until her retirement in 1973.

One day Sister told us that she had been accosted by a young man about 6 years old with the words: "Are you a Nurse?"; "No" she replied. "Are you a Cook?"; Again she answered "No". Then little Mr. Chippy questioned: "Then what are you hanging around here for?"

Sister contributed much to the smooth running of the Medical Records, having set up the department and maintained efficiency. She was largely responsible for the Hospital receiving a two-year Accreditation on our first inspection, followed by a second period of three years — no mean feat. She also served as a member of the hospital board. She was the one we could always call upon to get the correct information about almost anything — she had an astounding amount of knowhow on most things — the history of the local community included; she knew the people and excelled at "public relations".

She, at present, is living at the Sisters' Residence at St. Catharines, Ontario. On a recent visit there and though Sister has been quite ill, we shared and enjoyed reminiscing about Edson.

Her teaching talent did not lie dormant those years in Edson. Sister Guest was a member of the Catechetical Teaching Staff of Sacred Heart Parish for many years, teaching Grades 5 and 6.

Most of the Sisters remember Sister Guest as Mistress of Novices and/or Sister General and it is in these capacities that she has endeared herself to us. She is a person you can't forget.

God bless you Sister Guest and thank you for your years of unselfish service to us.

Sister Leona Trautman

Golden Jubilarian — 1933-1983

My Golden Jubilee! Fifty years ago on February 18, 1933, I entered the Sisters of Service, a missionary community begun in 1922. With them I have experienced many great occasions and opportunities for service to God and His Church. On a milestone such as this one pauses to reflect and gratefully acknowledge the blessings received so abundantly.

I was born at Orillia, Ontario, where my father, a miller by trade, was employed at the Orillia Flour Mill. We lived in Flint, Michigan, for a few years where I started school. We returned to Canada in the 1920's to the old Trautman Homestead in the parish of Formosa. Here I attended the Ambleside Separate School.

The idea of being a Religious Sister had been with me as I grew up. My ideas were a problem. I did not want to wear a veil or a long dress. I wanted to be able to go out among people. I saw a need to help new Canadians adjust to our way of life. I thought of going out West to work among the needy. As these radical ideas were taking shape in my mind, a friend gave me a pamphlet about a new order, the Sisters of Service. As I read about them, their work, their life, I decided this was the Order for which I was searching. I applied to them in January 1933.

On February 18, 1933, I arrived at the Novitiate, 60 Glen Road, Toronto, where I began my religious life. It was with joy and enthusiasm that I accepted the white postulant veil, placed on my head by Sister Florence Regan, Sister General, in the presence of the Novice Mistress, Sister Margaret Guest. I was then introduced to the novices and postulants who eagerly witnessed the acceptance of a new member into their group.

After First Vows in 1934, I was assigned to the Motherhouse. Six months later Sister F. Regan announced joyously my appointment to Winnipeg, my first



mission. Before my departure in March, 1935, Sister Kathleen Schenck thought it a good idea that I make a trip to Formosa to see my parents. It was, for that was the last time I saw my mother alive and I bless Sister Schenck for her forethought. In Winnipeg I worked with daughters of new Canadians who came to the city looking for work, so part of my dream was being fulfilled.

From Winnipeg I was sent further west to Regina and to Marquis, Saskatchewan, where I completed my high school. In 1940-41 I returned to Winnipeg to attend Normal School. The first seven years of my teaching career began at King Edward School No. 2, at Camp Morton, Manitoba, with grades one to eight. From there I was sent for one year to St. Theresa's School at Wexford, Ontario. Later I taught a year at Rycroft High School in Rycroft, Alberta.

The second span of seven years I taught at Loyola School in Sinnett, Sask. It was another great experience. At Camp Morton, in addition to the three "R's", etc., the students were taught

through 4-H Clubs, the skills of sewing, gardening and poultry raising. Likewise at Sinnett, Sask., the students were enrolled in 4-H work, the girls in sewing clubs, the boys in Grain Clubs. Through these extra-curricular activities the teacher, students and parents all shared recreationally and educationally in the 4-H rallies, public speaking contests and demonstration.

Both before and after teaching at Loyola School I spent two periods of three and of five years on the Christian Island Indian Reserve, in Georgian Bay. Only those outsiders who had lived on

the island can appreciate the stress of getting off and getting back on the Island, particularly in rough weather, or in wintertime, bumping over five miles of snowdrifts on a skiddoo or skimming over the bay on rough ice and patches of open water in a scoot. This is not the whole picture — it was the people themselves who made life there so happy and memorable! During the last five year period, 1964-69, living conditions on the island advanced — electricity, telephones and oil burners were brought in. These made life there less primitive and it was also the advent of T.V.



The Puppet Makers — Indian Day School — Christian Island, Ontario

After Christian Island my next assignment was to Casa Nova, Brazil, South America, for two and a half years. In preparation I spent six months at the Scarboro Foreign Missions in St. Mary's, Ontario, studying Portuguese. Brazil was another of the "great occasions", — where the seasons weré reversed and if the temperature dropped to 80°F. one felt chilly. Visiting the missions of the interior meant Mass, attended by dense crowds, in torrid heat and could mean three to five weddings being performed at the same Mass. Baptisms after Mass ranged in numbers from fifteen to thirty with thirty to sixty sponsors milling about. Fortunately catechists of the areas would have all the necessary data recorded and have the parents assembled for the Padre. There were other events with special memories such as the Christmas Carol Serenading of the town in moonlight, under swaying palm trees, and then the Midnight Mass in the Plaza with congregational singing from streets converging on the Plaza packed with visitors from the surrounding "catingas".

My last seven years of teaching were at Moosonee, Ontario, a few miles inland from James Bay on the Moose River. This was after Casa Nova and a contrast in weather and temperature. These students were a mixed group of Metis, Indian and White. Bishop Belleau School was a part of the school complex and shared the library, shops and gym facilities and the services of the teachers of these departments, with the Moosonee Public School. While at Bishop Belleau School I taught Grade 5 and Grade 2. I liked it very well. Outside of school I helped the mothers form the Catholic Ladies' Club. The work of these ladies advanced sufficiently in those years to become an organized sub-division of the C.W.L. Three C.W.L. members from To-

ronto came to Moosonee to get them started.

In 1979, I left teaching and took a sabbatical at Newman College in Edmonton. At the close of the second semester a tour to the Holy Land was organized and I was privileged to be on it. The 21-day tour included a day in Paris; five days in Cairo, Lusor and Karnak; twelve days in Israel, two days in Greece and one more day in Paris. This was the really great experience of my life.

My latest assignment, 1980-83, has been in Regina where I send out, mark and return Religious correspondence lessons to over a hundred students in grades I to XII. It involves letters and notes to parents and students, explanations, suggestions and advice on lessons and courses. These students attend public schools in rural areas and some are in the city, and lack other religious instruction.

The mission's frontier of the church today has moved northward and pioneering of the earlier days has been modified and is now replaced by newer and more challenging apostolates in the efforts to spread the Good News of God and His Church. I praise and thank God for all the opportunities and graces of these past fifty years and in anticipation of the years ahead.

Sister Leona Trautman, S.O.S.

Why a Revision of Catholic Church Law?

M. A. Jackson, S.O.S.

Most Catholics have at least heard of the Code of Canon Law. Some know that this term refers to the system of law of the Catholic Church. But how many lay people have ever read this code of law? The law was generally available only in Latin. How many were really interested? Wasn't the Code of Canon Law something for clergy and seminarians to worry about?

Today a great revision is going on in the Church's legislation. Laity as well as the clergy are encouraged to take an interest in it. Much that the code (book of laws) contains is directly related to the life of the "ordinary" Catholic. This article which deals with the Latin Rite revision is intended as a brief preparation for the revision* which is expected to be promulgated soon by Pope John Paul II.

Many sources have contributed to and influenced the formulation of the laws of the Church: human reason itself. As St. Paul says to the Romans "The law is written in the hearts of man." (2:15); the Old and the New Testaments; the writings of the Church Fathers; decrees of councils, rituals and so forth. One of the chief sources of canon law up to the twentieth century was the legislation of the Council of Trent (1545-1963).

By the beginning of the twentieth century the Church had accumulated a very large amount of canonical material. Pope Pius X (1903-1914) decided to organize this accumulation of centuries into an orderly code. In an encyclical with the revealing name *An Arduous Task Indeed* issued March 19, 1904, he announced his intention. Obsolete and outdated legislation would be eliminated and the remainder brought into conformity with modern conditions; that is, of that age in history.

*Editor's note: This revision was promulgated on January 25, 1983.

The Church in this period of time was concerned with its hierarchical structure. This subject was a main thrust of Vatican Council I (1869-1870). Following in the wake of Vatican I, the new code was built around the concept of the Church as hierarchy.

Pius X commenced the project by setting up commissions of Cardinals to carry out the work in cooperation with archbishops throughout the world. He himself was chairman and Cardinal Gasparri, secretary.

The momentous undertaking went on for about 13 years. When completed, it comprised 2,414 canons arranged in 5 divisions called books; I General Norms; II Laws Concerning Persons; III Of Things (Sacraments and divine worship came under this heading); IV Canonical Trials; V Of Offenses and Penalties.

Pope Pius X died in 1914. It was Pope Benedict XV who, on Pentecost Sunday, May 27, 1917, promulgated the completed code to become fully effective a year later, Pentecost May 19, 1918.

Today, over sixty years after launching of that "new" code, the Church finds itself faced once more with the necessity of revising its legislation in view of the vastly different age in which it exists. Though its mandate from Christ is ever the same — to be the beacon of salvation for mankind — the manner in which the Church carries out its commission must be oriented to the needs of each age, race and culture. Speaking of the need for revision a canonical colloquium sponsored by the Canon Law School at the Catholic University of America explained it as follows:

"On the one hand, through Vatican II and the theological developments following it, the whole community is gradually appro-

priating a new vision of the Church and of its life, including priestly life and ministry. On the other hand, the present legal system of the Western Church dates back more than sixty years and originated in a significantly different understanding of the life of the Christian community. This growing discrepancy between vision and law gives rise to increasing tension. It creates a need for greater flexibility and instruments of harmony, since a community cannot long remain strong with a new understanding of its goals and an old set of norms to realize them." ("Canonical Reflections on Priestly Life and Ministry," American Ecclesiastical Review, 166 (1972) 366).

Pope John XXIII (1958-1963) launched the plan of revising the 1917-1918 code. He revealed the project on January 25th, 1959, the same day on which he announced the calling into existence of Vatican Council II. Since the next few years were taken up with preparations for this momentous event, it was decided to prepare for the code revision in a restricted informal manner until the council was concluded.

John XXIII died in 1963. His successor, Pope Paul VI, undertook the task of revision proving himself a qualified and able leader in the carrying out of this huge project. His constant concern was that the law manifest its Scripture roots and that it faithfully reflect the teaching of the recently concluded council.

The vision and thrust of Vatican II was very different from that of Vatican I. Vatican I, as noted above, revolved around the hierarchical aspect of the Church. Vatican II was concerned with the faithful as the People of God, a title constantly used in the "Constitution on the

Church." A footnote explains:

"This title, solidly founded in Scripture, met a profound desire of the Council to put greater emphasis on the human and communal side of the Church, rather than on the institutional and herarchical aspects which have sometimes been over stressed in the past for polemical reasons. While everything said about the "People of God" as a whole is applicable to the laity, it should not be forgotten that the term "People of God" refers to the total community of the Church, including the pastors as well as the other faithful."

(Documents of Vatican II, Abbot, Footnote 27, Page 24, 1966 Edition) The Church as community, Pope, bishops, priests and laity together now becomes the core around which the law revolves.

In 1966 the Latin Rite commission prepared a set of ten principles as a guide for the revision:

1. The code was a text of law. It could not then include other purposes such as, for example, settling of theological disputes or acting as a guide for the spiritual life.
2. The area of conscience (internal forum) and application of the law by a recognized procedure (external forum) would be properly harmonized so as to avoid conflicts between the two areas.
3. The revision must have a pastoral dimension. Moderation, wisdom and equity (that is, the use of law with a "mixture" of charity, and concern for the individual) would be characteristics of the law. Where feasible certain matters would be left to the pastoral guidance of bishops and priests.
4. Various faculties (granting of powers) already given to bishops and others would become part of the common law. This would avoid the

cumbersome custom of certain authorizations always coming from the central authority.

5. The principle of subsidiarity (decisions made at the appropriate level, not always at the top) would be properly applied.
6. The rights of persons would be recognized. Authority would not be exercised arbitrarily.
7. Procedures would be set up for the protection of the rights of any of the faithful whether bishop, priest or lay person.
8. Territorial boundaries would still be used to outline areas of authority, e.g. dioceses, but other ways of setting up areas of authority would also be considered. (Opus Dei, Sept. 1982, now has its own bishop.)
9. A careful revision would be made of the law dealing with penalties so as to have them conform to the principles of charity and moderation as well as justice.
10. A new system would be adopted for setting up the revised code.

The code as revised has approximately 1,700 canons — considerably fewer than the 1917 code. The organization of the revision, in accordance with principle #10 above, differs in several respects from the 1917 code:

I General Norms; II People of God and Government; III Teaching Mission of the Church; IV Mission of Sanctification (sacraments and divine worship); V Financial Legislation; VI Penalties; and VII Procedures for the Protection of Rights.

Only a comment or two can be made in an article of this kind as to specific changes. One of general interest concerns marriage.

1917 Code Canon 1012

Christ our Lord raised the actual mar-

riage contract between baptized persons to the dignity of a sacrament. Wherefore, there can be no valid matrimonial contract between baptised persons which is not also necessarily a sacrament. (Waywood, Vol. 1, 1943 edition).

Proposed Schema Canon 1008 S1

The matrimonial covenant between baptized persons, by which a man and woman constitute together a partnership of the whole of life, ordered by its natural character to the good of the spouses and to the procreation and education of children, has been raised by Christ the Lord to the dignity of a sacrament. (Translation of the Latin text published in Codex Juris Canonici. Slightly revised 1981).

A major change is the replacement of the word "contract" of the 1917 canon with the word "covenant" or partnership in the proposed canon. This change was made in compliance with Vatican II which states in the constitution *The Church in the Modern World* (Gaudium et Spes) that marriage is a covenant. (Art. 48, 49). While still a contract, marriage as a covenant reveals dimensions not specifically mentioned, though perhaps implied, in the 1917 canon. By its very nature a covenant is characterized by fidelity, trust, commitment. It calls for the living out of a bond. Furthermore, the consent to covenant marriage "*in the Lord*" through the sacrament assumes the presence of faith. This required an understanding of what the covenant means and an ability to enter into the long-range commitment. Father Morrissey speaks in the following quote of several characteristics of covenant love:

"The covenanting love as described in 'Gaudium et Spes', No. 49, will be a pri-

Continued on page 20

Christ-Event in Mime, Song and Dance with Ruah

(An Integration Experience) by Timothy and Susan Diewold

This past summer we attended a special retreat at Avila Centre, Thunder Bay, Ontario. This retreat was called an "Integration Experience". Its goal was to integrate spirituality with the arts and fitness or, in fact, to help us strive to attain a wholeness in body, mind and spirit. It was not a personally directed retreat but a retreat offering sessions for self-development with team members available when individuals requested personal direction.

When we arrived at Avila we were both excited but quite nervous. This was the first extended retreat that either one of us had ever attended. After registration our entire retreat group gathered with the team who would lead us. The team consisted of five very gifted people; four sisters and a priest. There were ten of us participating; three of us were lay people, and seven sisters.

At this meeting the routine of our retreat was outlined. Silence was to be maintained from the conclusion of each evening's activities until after lunch of each following day. Those that wished to continue in silence could do so. We would meet as a group each morning. The team would provide input on a special theme chosen for that day. There would be plenty of time each day for personal reflection as well as times to gather for various activities related to the daily theme. Each day there would be a Mass or liturgy celebrated together.

The daily themes were important in helping us focus on ways to create wholeness in our lives. Each theme sought the participation of our total being. They progressed in such a manner that each new theme complemented the preceding. The themes explored on our retreat were: wellness, centering, the five senses, desert, simplicity, the city and community.

The theme of wellness set the stage for our retreat. This theme introduced the integration of the mental, physical and spiritual elements of our being. To have any one of these three elements not functioning to its potential denies us the ability to be whole.

Each team member reflected how, at different times of their lives, one of these elements had been under stress. They shared times of spiritual desert, poor health, the inability to face problems and the effects these had on themselves and their relationship with others. What we learned from this theme was that these elements are interrelated, a weakness in one can sap the richness of the others and strength in one can support the others.



*Prayer expressed through movement
by Sister Janet Marston.*

The physical element of our being is often overlooked in our lives. Physical health was emphasized through exercise, breathing and relaxation exercises, rest, and proper nutrition. Sister Rita Patenaude, S.O.S., introduced us to various movement activities. Movement can reflect our spiritual, emotional and physical life. Rita led us through movement activities where we were encouraged to express our feelings and ideas. We prayed through movement and dance. Our movement became a part of each session together. At first we found these activities frightening; it takes courage to explore oneself in new ways. Later, our expression became richer and it felt very freeing. We began to look forward to these exercises and activities and missed them when they were not included in a session.

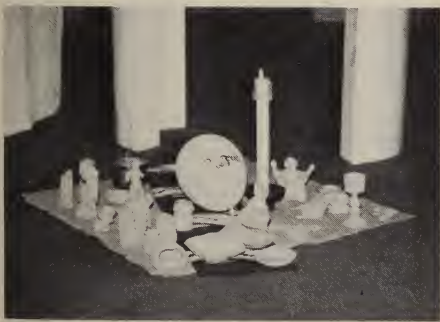
Our second theme was centering. Sister Louise Vanetti, C.S.J. introduced us to this manner of prayer. Centering is a method of prayer whereby you relax both mentally and physically and, turning yourself inward, seek God at your centre. Louise helped us realize that God resides in each one of us. She showed us that it is possible to quieten ourselves to experience God within. For some of us

centering was difficult because we were so used to talking and have God do the listening, not vice versa. Centering became part of our daily routine and we gradually found it easier to attain the inner peace that centering develops.

Our next theme was that of our five senses. It was a day to give thanks for the wonders of creation and the ability to appreciate them. Everyone of our five senses was explored on this day and highlighted in a variety of ways. Extrovert mediation was introduced by Sister Andrea Cibulak, C.S.J., through the medium of clay. This method of mediation and prayer involves projecting your whole being outside yourself on an object or activity. We began our clay work with a meditation on our hands, led by Sister Mae Kierans, C.S.J., exploring their beauty and creativeness. From our clay work we gained appreciation of the relationship between creator and creation.

Desert, both spiritual and mental as well as physical was our fourth theme. We were encouraged to fast this day and we were sent out alone to be quiet and to find the life that is there, struggling to exist, and how precious it is. We were prepared for this day by the previous themes. These themes had helped us discover the compassion of our Lord and the many gifts he has blessed each of us with. Like our Lord Jesus, we had this compassion and our strengths from which to derive sustenance as we entered our own personal deserts.

Next was the theme of simplicity. We tend to complicate our lives by constant addition of things, ideas and beliefs without discrimination between those of value and those which are nothing but deadweight. We learned that more is not necessarily better. We used the medium of Haiku as a way to express ourselves



Creation and Self-expression through the media of clay.

simply. We were shown how this very simple style of poetry could express so much. We next translated these poems into movement. Later, we each took the "Our Father" and, using movement only, expressed this special prayer in our own way. This theme of simplicity was reflected this day and on succeeding days in the liturgies, enriched through the liturgical creativeness of Father Bernard Carroll, S.J.

City, the theme following, while an apparent contrast to the two preceding themes was not. This day we were sent out to experience the city in a new way, to observe carefully those things we ignore or avoid. We were given the addresses of the city drop-in centres, the hospitals, the areas where the destitute congregate, etc. We tried to get enough courage to visit the drop-in centres, but after three trips past the door, found we lacked the courage to enter. On our return to Avila we all had new insights on life in the city and our relationship to the city so, in turn, insights on ourselves.

The last theme was a celebration of community. We, the retreatants and the team, had been welded together during the previous days of experience and sharing, into a community. It was a joyous day spent celebrating the talents of one another. Throughout the retreat the special gifts of each person had been emerging. We went on a picnic together, shared stories, songs and dances and gave thanks for all these talents through the Eucharist.

The final two days of our retreat were "integration" days. During these two days we looked again at each theme and discussed how, upon return to our regular lives, we could integrate these into our lifestyles. Each person shared insights that he or she had gained from the retreat and it became very obvious how



Planning one of our many celebrations together.

much richer our retreat experience had made each of our lives.

In looking back over the past months since the retreat ended we can see how this "integration experience" has affected our lives together. We have made an effort to reduce our emphasis on material items and have tried to simplify our lifestyle. We have taken a much more active role in the area of social justice. Physical exercise has become more important to us, not only to keep fit, but as a way to keep ourselves mentally and spiritually alive. For the two of us though, the most important area we have grown is in the ability to recognize many of the talents God has given to each of us and their use in helping us strive to become total human beings.



"Community Day"-a celebration of life and joy.



Sharing of a gift - Mime by Sister Pundyk.

Susan and Timothy Diewold are a young married couple living in Vancouver. Before moving to Vancouver, where they are active in St. Mary's Parish, they were an integral part of the University Catholic Community at Campion College, University of Regina.



A proclamation of the Good News.



Our last night together. From individuals to community. We came from British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec.

"Come In," says Sister Schmeltzer

Former Resident Still Corresponds

Sister Catherine Schmeltzer, with her warm smile, welcomed guests to the Edmonton House of Hospitality during 1981-82. Having spent 34 years welcoming young girls to Residences operated by the Sisters of Service in Edmonton, Winnipeg and Halifax, Sister Schmeltzer has developed a warm, friendly personality. "I enjoyed the work in our Residences," she says, "assisting young girls to develop and mature. I delighted in the proximity of youth because of their enthusiasm, and fresh outlook on life."

Various young women, having once experienced Sister Schmeltzer's friendliness and concern, continue correspondence with her. Helen Lo, a former resident, gives a picture of the impact on her life made by living in the Winnipeg Residence of the Sisters of Service:

"I was born in China, but was brought up in the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong. Both parents are Protestants. My father was the headmaster of his private school and my mother was a medical doctor. It is the Chinese custom for parents to express their wishes when they name the newborn baby; I was called Man-Kwoon, which means a well-educated first born.

After we studied in my father's school for a few years, my sister and I were sent to a government-subsidized Roman Catholic bilingual private school, Sacred Heart school, where I got a good education on both the religious and academic sides. I asked to become a Catholic; after six years my father gave his consent. I was the first Roman Catholic in the whole family tree.

My boy friend, Peter, now my husband, was then studying accounting in Winnipeg, Manitoba. During one of his vacations in Hong Kong he convinced me to further my studies in Canada. So,

upon receiving my B.A. from a British University in Hong Kong, I came to the Faculty of Education in the University of Toronto. I applied for a teaching position in Winnipeg since my boy friend lived there. Because of an unpleasant living experience in Toronto, I asked a Jesuit priest to recommend a girls' residence in Winnipeg. That was my first contact with the Sisters of Service.

In 1960 I came to the Sisters of Service and stayed for three wonderful years. Had I not left for marriage, I would still be there. With the Sisters, we girls were well looked after, both physically and spiritually. The Residence was like a big family. Girls of different nationalities and different backgrounds lived together, working at different jobs. Some of us were nurses, dental technicians, teachers, university and high school students. The sisters were always there for us to confide in and they offered their assistance. We went to Mass every morning, and prayed the rosary every evening. We had closed retreats before Easter, and were invited to participate. The Residence provided many religious books; we were welcome to borrow them and to discuss the topics with the Sisters.

Since I had been taught to respect my teachers, I expected my students to re-



spect me — but the junior high group is always difficult to manage. It became difficult to realize that I was serving God by serving the children. I brought this problem up and discussed it with Sister Schmeltzer. I told her that I simply could not “see God” when some of the students were obnoxious and rude. Sister helped me to “see God” in everything I did, and I really appreciated her advice; in fact, I ended up teaching many difficult classes because I had few discipline problems.

The Sisters looked after our physical well-being also. Because I was homesick during my first year in Winnipeg, and consequently lost my appetite, Sister Sheehan made sure I was served double helpings.

Often I stayed up late, studying. One morning I went down at 3:00 a.m. to phone my boyfriend because I knew he also was up late studying; then I tiptoed back to my room and went to bed. Sister Sheehan asked me to see her next morning. I was scared because I knew I must have awakened her when making that phone call. But Sister only wanted to advise me not to stay up too late because I needed good health to keep well in a cold country; I appreciated her concern.

On the Feast of the Assumption, 1964, Peter and I were married. The sisters came to my wedding — which I almost didn't make myself. I stayed up until midnight on August 14th sewing my gown. Then I remembered that Sister Schmeltzer is very good in sewing. Certain that she would help me out, I went to bed for my beauty sleep, then called sister in the morning. With her help the dress was completed, and I got to the church in time!

I still keep in touch with some of the girls from the Residence, and with Sister Schmeltzer. I have wonderful memories



Cathy, second from left, first row, received a Merit Award in Chinese School and came first in her class.

of those good old days and I am and will be always grateful to the Sisters of Service.”

Many are the women throughout Canada whose first days in this country were eased by the Sisters of Service, and who gratefully thank God for the privilege and grace of knowing them.

As for Helen Lo, she teaches slow learners at present; her husband, Peter, works for the Department of Finance. Their daughter Catherine, studies in a French and English bilingual school and speaks French fluently; on Saturdays she and another girl study Chinese in the Lo home. Nineteen eighty-one was an especially happy year for the Lo family because daughter Catherine received her First Communion on May 3rd.

Sister Vera Gallagher, R.G.S.
2702 Broadway E. Seattle, Wash. 98102



Helen Lo husband Peter and daughter Catherine, taken in July 1981 in Hong Kong.

The After-Image of SOS 60th Jubilee

Letters from former residents

Excerpts from letters received during our Jubilee year 1982, from girls who had lived in our Residences across Canada.

Dear Sisters,

I still think of the good old days that we spent at 5206 Tobin Street, Halifax and I know that I am so much better for the time I spent there. That was the most valuable and enjoyable time of my life. I spend hours telling my children of the things we did there, and they love to hear about it.

Mrs. Bill Cameron, Montague, PEI
(nee Peggy MacDonald)

Congratulations to the Sisters of Service on their 60th anniversary. I have fond memories of my stay with the Sisters where I was made to feel at home. We certainly were "one big happy family". Some of the girls still keep in touch, one of my former roommates lives in California.

Love,

Clara Begin, New Westminster, B.C.

What the Residence of the Sisters of Service meant to me. My mother died, my dad closed our house and we moved to the city, my dad to a rooming house. My aunt suggested that I apply for a room at the Sisters of Service Residence for girls. I moved in the following weekend. I loved the place. When there, I learned to grow up. I learned how to be patient and kind, I learned to smile. I learned so many, many things. Later I moved to the States, met my husband and now have three lovely girls. Often my girls ask me where I learned so many things. I smile and tell them of the love-filled things I learned while living with the Sisters of Service, Tobin Street.

Mrs. Phil Johnson

(nee Sally Beaton) Franklin, Mass.

Dear Sisters,

How time flies! Here I am hoping I will soon be a grandmother and it just seems like yesterday I was a young girl living at the Sisters of Service Residence. If I had not had the good fortune to meet the Sisters of Service, I would probably not be writing this letter to you today. Living at the Sisters, to me was an experience not easily condensed into a few sentences. The years I spent there were without a doubt, among the happiest and most memorable of my young years. Being from another country, particularly, the feeling of security and discipline made the Residence a "Home Away from Home" in every sense of the word.

On the lighter side, there was the dear Sister lecturing me if she caught me going out with high heels and no boots on, in winter. Telling me, "You are not in the old country now" and being very stern, and then coming home and having her invite me downstairs for hot chocolate. Sister, there are hundreds of memories I could write about, as my family tell me I could talk nonstop about my years at the Sisters. The laughter and sharing of good times with all the friends I made there; the Sunday evenings going to Benediction at the Basilica and afterwards coming home to dance to records in the recreation room with the St. Mary's Choir boys. The "quiet" pyjama parties and after lights-out having a "wild" time jiving to a low radio so the Sisters wouldn't hear us. It all sounds very tame by today's standards, but to me they are memories that money can't buy.

But above and beyond the fun and laughter, the constant feeling of support in times of need both financially and emotionally during the sad times we all experience from time to time. To me the Sisters of Service meant just plain old-

fashioned "love", because to me that is what love is. It goes hand in hand with discipline, you can't have one without the other. It means someone caring enough to tell you to wear your boots instead of getting your feet wet, among other examples of caring, too numerous to mention. As I said, I could fill a book with my memories of those years. I honestly don't know if I would have stayed in Canada had it not been for the Sisters.

The security I felt living there and being from another country, definitely had a bearing on my not going home again, and just think what I would have missed. Meeting my wonderful husband and the lifelong friends I have made, of course, top the list.

Recently Jack and I celebrated our Silver Wedding Anniversary and our children gave us a surprise party at the Chateau in Halifax. It was wonderful to have friends there who shared our wedding day with us twenty-five years ago, including my closest friend from the Residence. I deeply appreciate and treasure my memories of the years I lived there and know I am very blessed for having known the Sisters.

In this, the year of the 60th Anniversary of the Sisters of Service, my family and I extend our good wishes and prayers to you, and may God Bless you.
Mrs. Jack Ingram, Halifax
(nee Hislop)

Dear Sister,

I would like to wish the Sisters of Service every success on their 60th Anniversary and may they continue their great work. I just want to relate to you Sister that the two years I spent in your Residence for girls was the most secure, care-free days of my life. We didn't worry even though some of us took longer than others to find employment. We always

felt that the Sisters would look after us. All our situations were basically the same, away from home for the first time, lonely for our families, trying to find our start in life, and looking for companionship. Consequently, we made friends easily with each other.

The Sisters we looked upon as our guardian angels and felt they could do no wrong and until this day, I still believe this, especially the Sisters I knew anyway. They were great! When I reflect back and think of all the noise coming from the recreation room where we played records for hours on end, entertained our friends, danced and never missed Sunday evening sing-songs with the St. Mary's Boys' Choir. We must have driven the Sister on duty mad, but, she never showed any signs of throwing us out. Instead, she joined us when she could and also took time out from her busy schedule to listen to our joyful escapades, our problems, and most of all, our sad stories of broken hearts. I'll never forget these ladies and what they did for me. I have memories that I will carry with me for the rest of my life.

Your friend, always

Theresa Prendergast, Halifax

lift up your eyes
and look all around you,
over the mountains,
down in the valleys,
out in the ocean,
into the cities,
into the houses —
poor little houses,
magnificent mansions,
sidewalks and highways,
paths into the country
into the hearts
of a searching people.

(from "On Being a Well")

Author — unknown

1923 Dorchester Montreal

Sister Patricia Flynn



Sister Patricia Flynn, teaches art in an elementary school at Fort McMurray. Her paintings and etchings decorate rooms in various residences of the Sisters of Service.

"Art full-time is not my vocation," she says; "I need to work with people, and I love teaching."

Lucky art students!

Many of our friends and former residents of our Girls' Residence at 1923 Dorchester, Montreal, will be interested to hear that the present owners of the Shaughnessy Mansion on Dorchester Boulevard are negotiating to buy the adjacent property so that they can build an underground library there.

After Lord Shaughnessy left the premises the mansion was used as St. Mary's Hospital and then when the hospital on Queen Mary Road was opened the Sisters of Service operated the Girls' Residence until 1974 at 1923 when it was purchased by Phyllis Lambert who directs the CCA.

The Canadian Centre for Architecture (CCA) owns the building and hopes to move its headquarters there. Plans are to build an underground, climate controlled storage area for its collection of rare books, drawings, photographs and archives.

Due to a delay plans are behind schedule. They had plans to move into the mansion in 1984 but this date has been moved back.

Shown here are some of Sister's paintings.



*Information from Downtowner,
Montreal, January 5, 1983.*



We Have Served

Our Deceased Sisters

APRIL, MAY & JUNE
ANNIVERSARIES

Angela Jones/April 5, 1925
Stella Dube/April 10, 1973
Agnes Dwyer/April 10, 1978
Ruth Mill/May 9, 1960
Marie MacDougall/May 13, 1981
Mary Anne Paradis/June 1, 1967
Ida Pickup/June 4, 1954
Carmel Egan/June 6, 1939
Eva Chartrand/June 24, 1976



Continued from page 9

mary source of sacramental theology for years to come. This love will be evaluated in terms of compatibility (personality), comprehension (intelligence), agreement (will power), affection (sensitivity) and charity (grace)." (Law and the Family, Ottawa, St. Paul University, Institute of Pastoral Studies, 1974-1975).

Moreover, the 1917 code spoke specifically of the order of importance of the purposes of marriage giving as primary the procreation and education of children; as secondary the furnishing of mutual aid and a remedy for concupiscence. The new proposed schema, again following the lead of Vatican II, makes no reference as such to primary and secondary purposes but, interestingly enough, in speaking of the purposes of marriage it refers first to the good of the spouses and then to the procreation and education of children.

The proposed revision shows forth the message of the Gospel more clearly than the 1917 code did. It fosters and protects human rights at all levels within the Church, tempering justice with charity. It will help the faithful to better understand their rights and responsibilities as members of the church community, thereby enabling them to know and implement the teachings of Vatican II.

For further information write: The Catholic Communications Centre, 10734-120th Street, Edmonton, Alberta. T5H 3P7 or telephone 403-452-3440, Ext. 30.

St. Catharines Picture Story



Sunday Congregation at Mass in the S.O.S. Chapel . . . Sisters of Service and other residents of the Manor.



ST. JOSEPH — hand carved by Nyle Wegener, new addition in the chapel.



Tea Time: Sisters Anne O'Brien, Mary Regan, Clara Graf and Agnes Brunning.



Sister Alena Bryden, Superior, with Sister Catherine Donnelly, a Co-founder of the S.O.S. and Sister Lena Renaud with whom Sister Donnelly lived for many years in Camp Morton, Manitoba.

Nyle Wegener



Nyle Wegener, of Blue Grass, Iowa, carver of statue of "St. Joseph" (in wood).

Because of a tractor accident in August 1978, Nyle Wegener is now confined to a wheel chair.

Nyle left home with his usual greeting to his wife "don't worry, I'll jump clear if I have to".

One final path up the slope when suddenly the front wheels reared up in the air and he was tightly pinned underneath. The fire was penetrating his coveralls and searing his flesh. Help must come soon or he would burn to death.

Nyle closed his eyes and prayed with a new intensity. A feeling of calmness came over him. His son Chris arrived

with help and fearing an explosion Nyle was dragged to the water's edge, not a second too soon, for flames flashed high in the air and demolished the tractor.

Mr. Wegener lives on a farm in Blue Grass, Iowa and since his recovery has been busy carving — a crucifix for the Parish Church, a statute of St. Joseph for the S.O.S. in gratitude for prayers for his recovery; an old-fashioned cradle, hope chests, etc.

He said his chief concern was about his soul; he wanted to be right with God.

A Grizzly Bear Turns Missionary

(From January 1930 Field at Home)

He was not a bad Indian. He had been brought up in the Faith and he had never really abandoned it, but out in our great West churches are far apart and priests cannot always be found, so it is extremely easy to slip into careless habits with regard to religious duties. Life is hard out there and when one has a family to support it means that every effort must be put forth to keep them provided with the necessities of life — so, sometimes even when the priest does come around one is away from home, or something prevents one from going to the Sacraments. So it was that this Indian had been a long time absent from them.

Hunting and trapping have to be done and our Indian was on one of his expeditions when he met a grizzly bear. The grizzly was doing a bit of hunting, himself, and being hungry he thought an Indian would be as good game as anything else, so he started out to try to satisfy his appetite. There was a terrific battle, the Indian fighting with all the skill of a human being, the great bear with his enormous strength and the native animal cunning which had so often served him well. The outcome seemed doubtful more than once, but finally the man prevailed and the grizzly was conquered, but at what a price! The man's hands, arms and face were a mass of bleeding flesh, his lower lip was almost severed by the fierce claws of the monster brute, and it was a very sick Indian covered with running, festering sores whom his companions finally brought into the little hospital of the Sisters of Service at Edson, Alberta.

watched for signs of infection and combatted them with the best of scientific treatment, and it was not long before the Indian patient was on the road to recovery. He was a docile and grateful patient, and as his wounds became scars and his strength returned, he began to bethink himself of the great goodness of God in sparing him and in allowing him to be placed in this haven of refuge. His thankfulness made him realize his need for the Church and her Sacraments and before he went back to his home he had gone to confession and communion and departed with a full determination never again to be neglectful of his duties.

Thus a hungry grizzly became a missionary and helped in saving a soul, but suppose his attack had taken place far away where such aid as that given at St. John's Hospital at Edson was not available, and where the devoted care of the Sisters of Service could not be had! For it must be remembered that this little hospital is the only one for 130 miles in each direction. In an area of more than 15,000 square miles it stands alone, and there are similar areas scattered all over the West where there is not even *one* hospital. Community after community is pleading for them — the Sisters of Service have to turn a deaf ear to these pleas because they have neither the means nor the vocations to answer them. Surely Canada's young womanhood will not let the latter reason long stand in the way, and Canada's Catholics in general must feel a responsibility for the former.

There are still "perils in the wilderness" as there were when St. Paul wrote of them, and they are right here in the "field at home." There are still thousands of souls who need the Church's ministrations for both body and soul, and we cannot always rely on grizzly bears to help us.

Need for the Church

With the skill of trained hands they bathed and bound up his wounds; they



-
- Do you believe that there is more to life than money, status and the pursuit of power?
 - Do you think it is important to use your talents in the service for others?
 - Do you think that you should dedicate yourself to the cause of justice?
 - Are you looking for a new meaning to life?

If interested please write:
Sister Joan Schafhauser,
10 Montcrest Blvd.,
Toronto, Ontario M4K 1J7
Tel. (416) 461-7558

To serve does not mean to submit oneself in a degrading manner. To serve simply means that one is useful to another and is able to aid in the improvement of a situation, to help others to build a better world, a world in which there will be more peace . . . more joy . . . more love.

BLESSINGS ON THE S.O.S.

*If I but had the time to
sit and fathom through,
The ways in which my life
You've touched and
fair enriched it through;
I'd be old for sure,
exhausted too,
And still, I'd never really know
All the Blessings
I've received
Just through
Knowing all of you.*

Terry Fisher

sisters SOS *service*

FIELD AT HOME

VOLUME 59, NO. 2

SUMMER 1983



sisters **SOS** service

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from the EDITOR'S DESK



Our cover picture shows a little girl walking up a lonely road, in bare feet and carrying her shoes. Obviously for her, there are no school buses and shoes are not easily come-by, so she takes care of her few belongings. She has her mind on her goals.

As you can see there is very little traffic but she has not heard, nor seen the T.V. commercial of Speedy Muffler "It's lonely at the top". It can be lonely at the bottom too. But her goal is at the top, and she is ready to make sacrifices to reach it. I see in her a potential Emily Murphy, Agnes Macphail, Mother d'Youville or another Catherine Donnelly. She, like so many of our pioneers, is prepared and will achieve her goal.

Canada Day, July 1st, is Canada's 116th Birthday. Much of our Canadian history will be recalled and our pioneers and early settlers will be honoured across Canada.

Emily Murphy's father believed that boys and girls should have equal shares in duties and privileges, and it is thanks to Emily's stick-to-it-ness that women in Canada are legally persons. It was only in 1928 that the Supreme Court ruled that Canadian women along with children, criminals and idiots, were not legally persons. But Emily took the case to the Privy Council in London, England. The Council overruled the Canadian decision and declared that women were indeed persons.

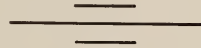
Marc Lescarbot, a lawyer and writer who accompanied Champlain on a few early voyages across the Atlantic, just for adventure and delight of seeing new lands, had much to say about the importance of pioneer women.

In 1608 he wrote that he believed that in any settlement whatever, nothing will be accomplished without the presence of women.

Someone has added that men explored Canada but women settled it, and without women, there could be no permanent settlement.

Without our pioneer women Canada would not have become the great country it is today — troubles, errors yes, but a beautiful noble history for all that. Let us think at this particular time of the many, many Canadian heroes and heroines and the men, women and children who emulate our Canadian Greats by their heroism and loyalty.

God bless Canada and Canadians, and a Happy Birthday to all.



What this country needs is not a working majority but a majority working.

Efficiency expert is a person who walks in his sleep in order to get his rest and exercise at the same time.

Hot air ain't worth a darn, unless it generates steam!

The human race is more or less like a gasoline engine — any crank can start something.

A wise man has reminded us that in any controversy the instant we feel anger we have already ceased striving for truth and have begun striving for ourselves.



Office of the Cardinal
355 Church Street
Toronto, Ontario M5B 1Z8

January 10th, 1983

Sisters of Service

Nothing can be seen properly in the life of individuals and institutions unless set in the proper historical perspective. Such is the case of the Sisters of Service who, herewith, present their new constitutions and statutes.

When the Sisters of Service were formed - within the life memory of some of us - they were thought of as an innovation, a rather daring experiment in ecclesial community. To-day, while they have kept the enthusiasm of youth, they have added the wisdom of experience. No longer are they seen as innovators but rather as women who anticipated the needs of the Church in our times and moved to meet them. We sometimes forget that the genius of the founders of Orders has always been that they had vision and were able to inspire that vision in other people. This is exactly what happened in the present case and we rejoice in what has been achieved and pray for the work which still remains to be done.

All of Canada, but particularly Canada's West, will never forget the Sisters of Service and as they begin a new era, they have with them our prayers and our gratitude.

Devotedly yours in Our Lord,

+ G. Emmett Cardinal Barte

Archbishop of Toronto

Ed.'s Note: The above is a copy of a letter which serves as an introduction to the revised Constitutions and Statutes of the Sisters of Service, approved and accepted by the 10th General Chapter of the Community in August 1982.

A Ministry Evolves

Lydia Tyszek, S.O.S.

The insistent ringing of the front doorbell at 5206 Tobin Street, Halifax, shortly before noon on August 4, 1981, was the herald of a whole new field of service opening up for me. There stood two young Polish men with a Polish priest. Father Jan Iglicki of Cracow, Poland, formerly secretary to Karol Cardinal Wojtyla and, presently a volunteer missionary in British Columbia, had been in the previous day for a visit. He had been a guest at St. Mary's Basilica rectory and had learned from the pastor, Father Albert O'Driscoll, that I could speak Polish.

Father Iglicki spoke rapidly, "As you know, Sister, I am on my way to Sydney — the bus leaves shortly — so I must ask you to help these boys who just came into port as stowaways on a Belgian ship — they don't speak any English." With a few more words of thanks and blessing, he was on his way to Sydney and points West, leaving me with a 19-year-old and a 27-year-old who were in the country illegally and could speak no English!

Well aware that the original apostolate of the Sisters of Service in Halifax was immigration work — meeting and assisting the immigrants as their ships arrived at Pier 21 — I was also aware that Pier 21 closed in the Sixties and immigration as we knew it, had stopped.

This was 1981, these were stowaways and our apostolate was a residence for young women coming to Halifax to seek employment or to get vocational training. It was a momentary dilemma resolved by the need of the two young men to have some food and an interpreter to accompany them to the Immigration office.

With the help of two immigration officials, the initial forms were completed and the process begun with lodging at a hotel (two blocks from the Immigration office which is one block from the

S.O.S.) and with meals at the Halifax Infirmary. The legal formalities took about a month with an adjudication for each stowaway at which he had an opportunity to ask for Convention Refugee status followed by an inquiry by a senior immigration official to determine the validity of the refugee claim. While waiting for Ottawa to grant or to refuse refugee status, the two were granted a work permit. Now that they were permitted to work, they needed help in securing employment and accommodation they could afford.

It was in the midst of this, on Sunday, August 16th, that Constable John Bawden phoned saying that Father O'Driscoll, Chaplain to the Halifax Police, has told him to call me. Ten Polish boys — 17 to 20 years of age — had jumped the ship on which they were students of navigation. Father would pay for one night's lodging for the boys at the YMCA and counted on me to feed them and take them to Immigration the next day.

So there were 10 more requiring arrangements for Adjudication, Immigration Inquiry, lodging, meals, clothing,



Two stowaways in front of the Sterling Hotel in Halifax.

medicals, evening English classes and, eventually, jobs and living accommodations on their own. The Group of Ten, because they were so young, became a sensation with the newspapers, television and radio. The publicity generated a spontaneous generosity from persons in Nova Scotia, Quebec and the U.S.A., offering to help the boys adjust to life in a culture and a language very different to their own.

And it was in the midst of this excitement, that the families and single men started to arrive from the refugee camp in Austria, from Germany, Italy, Singapore — wherever Poles could escape before and after martial law was imposed in Poland. The Residence of the Sisters of Service became their mailing address (until they had a permanent address of their own); the place where they had someone they could trust who understood and spoke their language and would help them. Under a communist regime, the Polish people had learned they could trust only the Church, which, in the person of Cardinal Wyszynski had opposed communism, was imprisoned

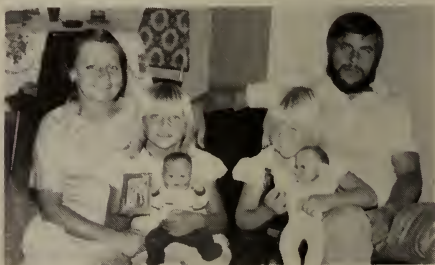
and had become the voice of the Polish people. I believe this is the reason for their attachment to and esteem for a Sister of Service who speaks Polish and who, since there is no Polish priest here, has become their Church representative.

Archbishop James M. Hayes, keenly aware of the situation in which the Polish people find themselves has been most supportive. He appealed to the faithful of his Archdiocese to donate money for Poland and they responded generously. The funds, as well as medicines and clothing, were sent to the Episcopal Charitable Commission and transports of medicine and clothing continue to go to the Church in Poland from the Church in Halifax. In his commitment to social justice, the Archbishop encouraged his priests to set up committees in their parishes to sponsor Polish families and, in his pastoral concern for his Polish flock, he appointed me Diocesan Chaplain to the Polish Community with an office at the Catholic Pastoral Centre in Halifax.

From the time of that memorable ringing of the doorbell, this ministry has been evolving.



"Group of Ten" with Sister Lydia Tyszko on the steps at the SOS Residence, Halifax.



Gutt family: Elzbieta, Johanna, Isabella and Stanislaw

This Polish Family jumped ship in Italy. Sister Tyszko's first visit to their apartment, their new home in Canada, on Aug. 22, 1982, Sunday.

St. Clement's has done it Again

Isabel Ellis, S.O.S.

With the above words, Father Bob Walsh, our cheery pastor at St. Clement's Church in south Dartmouth, began his announcement: "We have just concluded two very successful Days of Enrichment — one for the men of the parish in which twenty-five men participated, and another attended by over forty women.

About five weeks before these Days of Enrichment, I was asked to be a member of the team of sixteen ladies, and to present a twenty minute talk on an assigned topic. Also I found myself listed as Assistant to our Spiritual Director, Father Walsh, who would preside over the detailed planning sessions needed for such a day to run smoothly. As the meetings took place week after week, in a spirit of deep prayer and humility, I realized that I was really privileged to work with a group of such dedicated and responsible Christian women, in such a worthwhile cause.

On the eve of the "Ladies' Day", after last-minute preparations in the Church Hall, the team members stepped out into a raging blizzard, which incidentally, caused many accidents in the area that night. Hopes for a full attendance next day dwindled! However, we awakened to brilliant sunshine, and at 8:30 a.m. the ladies began to arrive, eager for their experience, and only one person was absent — and that because of illness!

The day began with each person introducing the partner to her right (after a brief conference). This proved truly effective in banishing any shyness, and integrating the group. A large candle was then lit, to indicate the presence of the spirit of Jesus among us . . . and the day started off with a song.

A combination of five talks on varying aspects of our Christian life and commitment was given by Father Walsh, our



*Sister Ellis, Back row, 1st Left
Father Walsh, Back row, 2nd Right.*

Spiritual Director, three members of the team, and myself. Each talk was followed by lively discussions, in groups, with a representative from each table sharing the gist of their discussion. This process of each person responding in her own original way to the direction given by the preceding talk, quickly melded each group into a unit with its own special character.

A welcome break was provided by lunch, prepared and served by the ladies who generously volunteered to take time away from the group; and the time for social contact was appreciated by everyone.

Then it was time for the jokes. Yes, Father Walsh led off with a few "golf jokes" which loosened everyone's ten-



Lunch Break

sions, so that several ladies shared their favourite funny stories causing some hearty laughs.

The afternoon passed all too quickly, with the program quite similar to that of the morning, but with the comments after each talk taking the form of a large poster created by the members of each group. The display of this "high art" form of expression gave rise to much laughter as each group was congratulated for their efforts.

Later in the day, all overhead lights were extinguished and lighted candles placed on the tables, setting the scene for a quiet time before Father Walsh gave the final talk in his own unique and easy way, leading easily into the Penitential Rite. At each step the whole group seemed to move to a deeper level.

The Parish Mass in the Church followed when all involved in the "Day of Enrichment" processed into the Church singing the entrance hymn, and together shared the Holy Sacrifice.

There was a brief sharing of impressions and highlights of the day, before the group parted; and it was interesting to learn how varied and how exceptional were the spiritual gifts received. Everyone declared the day a big success.

For six happy months now St. Clement's has been home parish for Sister Lydia Tyszko and me, as we have been occupying a cosy little home quite close to the Church while the owners are wintering in Florida. We have enjoyed sharing the house and have grown to love this little spot where we have been so comfortable, and so welcomed and accepted by the Pastor and the parishioners of St. Clement's. So, for us, also, it can be said:

"ST. CLEMENT'S HAS DONE IT AGAIN!"

We Have Served

Our deceased Sisters

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER
ANNIVERSARIES



Winnifred Ingrouville/Aug. 3, 1982

Matilda Grace/Aug. 5, 1982

Anna Coughlin/Aug. 31, 1982

Irene Faye/Aug. 21, 1963

Eveleen Donnelly/Sept. 12, 1960

Mary Rodgers/Sept. 25, 1943

Margaret O'Reilly/Sept. 27, 1982

The Bishop's Falls Flood

by Anita Hartman, S.O.S.



Bishop's Falls Waterfall before the flood

"Bishop's Falls is now a town without a Falls," say the people of Newfoundland. Indeed, the town suffered a serious loss the weekend of January 14th, 1983. The following article will attempt to describe some of the events, but first a bit of background about the S.O.S. in Bishop's Falls . . .



Sister Lita Camozzi and Sister Anita Hartman stand beside the van which they use for their home visiting tours in the northern outposts of Newfoundland.

The mission is now in its second year. Sister Lita Camozzi and I came here at the invitation of Bishop MacDonald to extend the work of the Clarenville S.O.S. Now, our two missions together are offering Religious Instruction — either by classes or by correspondence lessons — to all the children of the Grand Falls Diocese who do not have the privilege of attending Catholic schools. One thing we try to do during the year is to visit each of our correspondence students in their homes. Because miles of forest separate one settlement from another, we use a camper van for our travels.



"Here we are at last!" says Paul Ploughman, as he stands with his brother Robert, ready for the first music lesson after the weekend's excitement. "We had a lot of sickness and a big flood, but we made it!" The music teacher is Sister Hartman.

During the winter months we ease up on the travel, for the changing weather makes it difficult. I teach piano and guitar lessons in Bishop's Falls during the winter, while Sister Camozzi keeps up with the correspondence lessons. The forty music students who come by weekly bring much interest into our home. Their Christmas Hootenanny,

held in the Lions' Hall, was filled to capacity with cheering families and friends.

January 14th, all our activities were suddenly interrupted. The phone rang at 7:30 a.m. Harry Stone, our next door neighbor, was on the line. "Sister," he said, "have you been listening to the news this morning? The river is awfully high, and there is danger that it could flood the roads. We have decided to leave town now, and thought we'd let you know . . ."



The generating plant was destroyed by the flood.

Sister Camozzi and I hurried to the river. The downpour of rain during the past two days had melted all the snow, and the river had risen twenty-five feet overnight. It had only three more feet to go before it would be over the bank and through the town. Would it continue to rise? Nobody knew. Already small overflowing streams, rushing toward the river, were flooding many peoples' basements.

We decided to bring everything from the basement to the main floor, load the van with many things, and leave. On our way out of town we took a quick look around to see what was taking place. A large crowd had gathered near the Bishop's Falls waterfall, so we stopped to join it.

There we witnessed the collapse of the huge generating plant which dammed the river, giving the town its Waterfall while it supplied the Grand Falls pulp and paper mill with power. Small children were crying. College students were mildly joking. But the crowd, for the most part, was as silent and reverent as a church congregation. Sister Camozzi stood on the step of the Lions' Hall to snap some pictures, little realizing what would be happening to that step within the next hour . . .

As the dam collapsed, the sudden rush of water carved twenty acres out of the river bank, and with it went the Lions' Hall, the Senior Citizens' Club, the 'Newfie Bullet' boxcar museum, three homes, and the back yards, up to the porches, of several homes. This sudden and serious loss made us feel very sad, but at the same time we realized that the new water passage was the breakthrough that the river needed to prevent a further rise. The water level began to drop immediately, and before morning it was lower than we have ever seen it. Our house remained perfectly dry.

The Exploits River is beloved to the residents of Bishop's Falls, but it has given them more than one scare. Sean O'Reilly gives a first-hand account of an incident that took place when he was seven years

old. It happened on a cool May day, just as the last ice blocks were melting . . .



Sister Camozzi shows Sean and Barry O'Reilly the mark to which the Expoits River had risen during the flood. The same river had almost taken the boys' lives a few years earlier.

It was on a Saturday night. My brother Barry and I were out watching my little sister. Then we put her down and went underneath the river bank back of my aunt Betty's house. There her boat was tied to a tree. Barry threw my softball glove into the boat and I went to get it. Barry climbed in the boat with me, and then cut the rope with my hunting knife. He wanted to go for a ride, thinking I knew how to paddle but I didn't. I was only seven years old when this happened, and Barry was six. When the boat began drifting downstream we got scared. Barry jumped out, and I jumped out after him to try and save him. As I was holding on to him my hand slipped. We began bouncing up and down in the water and everytime we came up we yelled for help. I remembered the medal that I was wearing around my neck. Father Burke had blessed it that very morning. It took it off, wrapped it tightly

around my fingers, and held it with both hands. That is the last thing I can remember. When I woke up in the hospital at twelve o'clock the next day the first thing I said was, "Is my medal still with me?" The nurse answered, "Yes, it is in your hand." I kissed it.

Sean O'Reilly
Bishop's Falls, Nfld.

Mrs. O'Reilly tells the details of the rescue: Her husband, when he learned what was happening, hurried toward the river. On his way he met his brother Joe, and the two of them began throwing off their coats and boots right there on the street to prepare for the swim. Onlookers said, "Look! The O'Reilly brothers are getting ready for a fight." Joe could not wait for the traffic to stop. He put one hand on a moving car and leaped over it. When they reached the river they both dived in and swam toward Barry who could be seen above the water. But where was Sean?

Joe swam back with Barry and left Sean's father searching beneath the surface. Anxious friends and family who waited on the bank thought both would be lost, for Mr. O'Reilly was not a swimmer. But forty-five minutes after Sean entered the water he was brought to the bank by his father — only don't ask him how! He had swum well beyond his normal ability, and from that day to this has not been able to remember the swim.

"The hardest part for me was when I saw them getting the jiggers ready to drag the river," says Mrs. O'Reilly. "That is when I began to lose hope." Then she smiles, "We were able to find only one of their brand new sneakers. I had warned them before they went out to play not to get them wet, so they took them off and tried to throw them on to the bank before they jumped off the boat. But they left their coats on!"



*Come see what the Lord has done!
See what amazing things
He has done on earth!*

Psalms 46:8

Forgiveness is Like Bubble-Gum

Sister Vera Gallagher, R.G.S.

Sister Celestine Reinhardt, religion teacher in the Sisters of Service correspondence school, files some of her students' more interesting responses.

A few of the thank-you's might be listed first:

A glowing red heart, lace-trimmed and hand-made, mailed her for Valentine's day;

A brilliantly colored facsimile of a church stained-glass window, alight with candles, created by a devoted admirer;

A "Little Verse Book" put together with vari-colored sheets of paper, a decorated cover, held together with a neatly tied red and gold bow. Inside are verses composed by the child who made it, and illustrated in color. For example:

He could have made everything black
and white,
Just as black as the night;
He made the sun yellow;
As well as a red fellow;
As the sky is blue
As the color that is *you!*

"I was right in assuming that the second lesson would be as helpful as the first. I really think that both lessons should be published in a magazine so everyone could read them. (*Family Circle?*) They have helped me."

"I remember very well how happy and excited we were when I was expecting my firstborn, Joanne. And when she was born it was like a real miracle: a child of our own, but yet from God, — entrusted to us to raise, a great responsibility, much happiness, but also mingled with sorrow when illness struck our firstborn, age 2-1/2 (major surgery on

the brain). However, with God's blessing she recovered quite well. We thank God for this daily, even if there are some hardships to be overcome. A second miracle was her recovery.

Our Family Magnificat is that we thank God for blessing us with nine children who may not have been planned for (as today's version goes), but are loved dearly, each and everyone! I am proud to say I'm the mother of *nine* even if I'm frowned at.

Thank you, God, for making us *one*, big, happy Family! Forgive us for our weaknesses!"



Sister Reinhardt prepares a young Asian couple for Canadian citizenship.

"It's hard to say which lesson the girls and I enjoyed the most. We found that each lesson had some very special message and meaning for us. They liked the story of Zacchaeus, I think, because it encourages us that we can change and try to do better — because there is no limit in goodness.

The girls speak often of God's love for us; they are beginning to pray from the heart. The girls are looking forward to their new book and feel that they have grown much in their faith.

Continued on page 17

CANADA

"Canada is a country with distinctive character and qualities. We have a common pride in being Canadians. We are proud of Canada's past and of the record of our men and women in peace and in war. We are confident of our country's future. We feel that our nation can hold its head high among the nations of the world."

The Rt. Hon. Louis S. St. Laurent

REASONS FOR BEING PROUD TO BE A CANADIAN

Canada's first Christmas Carol was written in the Huron language by the Jesuit Father Jean Brébeuf.

The first hospital in Canada was the Hôtel de Dieu de Québec, founded in 1639 by la Duchesse d'Aigullon, and operated by Les Religieuses Hospitalières, an order of medical nuns.

The Jesuit "Relations", used extensively for 17th century Canadian study, are considered one of the world's great historical records.

Canada is the only country in the world that has maintained birth records continuously for more than three centuries.

The first library in the Western Hemisphere was in Port Royal, N.S. It was founded by Marc Lescarbot in 1606.

In 1793, slavery was prohibited in Canada.

Jean Talon took Canada's first census of population — 3,000 in 1666.

The Cinesphere at Ontario Place boasts the largest movie screen in the world.

*from "One Thousand and One Reasons . . ."
produced and published for Liquid Carbonic*

Retired?

Sister Vera Gallagher, R.G.S.

What does a retired Sister *do*?

"Often," says Sister Dorothy Daley, I am asked that question."

The answers to that question are multiple.

Having been engaged at the Edson Hospital as lab and X-Ray technician for twenty-five years, Sister is ostensibly "retired." The list of her activities, however, could lead one to suppose that she is working harder now than during her twenty-five years in the lab.

Sister is house-mother for the senior Sisters and the nursing Sisters, for one thing. She cooks for the Sisters, often making home-cooked bread and rolls.



Sister Daley slices her just-baked fresh bread while enjoying a joke with Sister Mary MacDougall.

Sister visits parishioners of the Sacred Heart parish and helps conduct exercises in the nursing home addition to the hospital.

As spiritual director of the Catholic Women's League, Sister selects the readers for their special Mass, selects the hymns, and plays the organ; she also works for their bazaars and pours at their teas.

Birthday parties at the Senior citizens' lodge are attended by Sister Daley.

For many years Sister has instructed the First Communion class; this year she had expected to "retire" from that duty — but the catechist left most of the work up to Sister Daley as usual. After the



Sister Daley helps lead exercises.

Mass the children trooped downstairs where Sister had the usual big cake with "FIRST COMMUNION" lettering on it, waiting for them, along with cold drinks. From the Sisters, each child was given a crucifix to hang on the wall, by Sister Daley.

Does that sum up Sister's activities?

By no means.

Sister Daley paints in her spare time, having completed a colorful array of oil paintings. She also sews her own clothes.

At Christmas of '81 Sister was given an unusual embroidered picture copied from an initial letter in the letters of St. Jerome from the Abbey of Citeaux, done in the twelfth century. The embroidering was done by Lauri Monlonivick, a young woman whom Sister had formerly prepared for First Communion, and who now attends Sister's Bible classes (yes! Sister also teaches a class on Scripture once a week, and has done so for 15 years).

According to Lauri, she is grateful to Sister for all that she learned from her in her First Communion class many years ago: "She taught a lot more than catechism," says Lauri, who spent a year and a half on the embroidery. Both colors and stitching are beautiful; "I was amazed myself at the way it came," says Lauri; "God helped me."

God must also be helping the "retired" Sister Daley keep up with all her activities.

Meadow Lake

Sylvie Nachtegaele, S.O.S.

It was early one very hot afternoon when I drove into Meadow Lake from North Battleford, in August 1981.

When I arrived at the door of the rectory Father Martin Michaud met me at the door and introduced me to the housekeeper, Hazel, who served me with an enjoyable and substantial meal of her home-cooking. After lunch Father Michaud drove me to THE HIGH RISE Manor for Senior Citizens. This is a three story building, but nicknamed "HIGH RISE" because it is the only building with an elevator.

The Manor had only been opened very recently and everything was so fresh and new. I could see that the facilities were quite adequate so I told the Housing Manager, Mr. Jarrett, that I would take an apartment.

That same evening I attended a Parish Council Meeting. The newly appointed Co-adjutor Bishop Blaise Morand was present, also the Pastor, Father Hector Ferland and his assistant, Father Michaud. After the meeting lunch was served. There was a good turn-out of parishioners as this was their first oppor-



tunity to meet the new Co-adjutor Bishop.

September was a get-acquainted month. I met many of the parishioners and it was something trying to remember everyone's name. Two S.O.S., Sisters Burke and McNally came to visit me, and in October Sister Mary Fitzmaurice came to the Manor to live.

In the past in many areas across Canada, the S.O.S. and C.W.L. have worked well together and more times than can be numbered we have been the recipients of their generosity. On this oc-



Sister Nachtengaele setting out on her visits to the parishioners of Meadow Lake.

casion the C.W.L. of Meadow Lake gave us a kitchen table and four chairs, and for this we are indeed grateful.

Sister Fitzmaurice's time in Meadow Lake was spent visiting a number of the tenants of the "High Rise" and doing errands for some of the shut-ins. She was very much appreciated by all these dear people who got to know her.

In Meadow Lake there are over 700 Catholic families; and also an Indian Reservation. My ministry here is Parish Visiting. My first year in Meadow Lake I did a considerable amount of nursing. I taught Catechism to the Grade 2's at the school nearby. This past year I am working with an Adult class on Sundays.

I am involved, with the C.W.L., in the Christian Minute Message on CJNS Radio. As a member of the Ministers of Communion I assist the priests in administering Communion to the shut-ins. Another duty is serving on the welcoming committee which has been formed to meet the newcomers to our Parish. I am a member of the weekly Bible Class which is very well attended by the parishioners.

Jesus said "My yoke is sweet and my burden is light". And this is so true for us who love God, and love His Commandments, His way is wide and easy for those who love Him.

Ed.'s Note:

Meadow Lake is in the Northwestern part of Saskatchewan, south of the 60th parallel. Looking at a map you should see surrounding Lakes — Cold Lake, Water Hen Lake, Primrose Lake, Loon Lake, Lac des Isles, and Meadow Lake Provincial Park.

This area has been described as

homesteading country, with rivers, lakes and streams, and lush growth indicating a fertility of soil with open fields as well as wide areas.

In the 1920's the Immigration Headquarters in London, England, placed signs in Trafalgar Square stating that there were 15,000 square miles available to settlers in several sections of Saskatchewan. People came from Europe, the British Isles and the U.S.A. to Canada in 1925 to settle. Premier Dunning of Saskatchewan reported that 1,315 homestead grants had been made in the Province.

In Meadow Lake Area the settlers had never known the tramping of horses of Indians, Metis and warriors battling in rebellion. The names of Kelsey, Henday, Poundmaker, Big Bear and Riel were names only dimly connected with history in a time that held very little peace in this part of Northern Saskatchewan.

Just 45 miles west of Meadow Lake at Steele Narrows is a marker and bronze map commemorating the last battle of the Northwest Rebellion and the last military engagement on Canadian soil when Major Sam Steele of the Northwest Mounted Police fought Big Bear's Cree band on June 3, 1885. Big Bear set his white captives free and surrendered.

In 1983 the Town of Meadow Lake boasts a Town of "Land of Pure Air and Water".

The town is 100 miles north of North Battleford, and 70 miles East of the Alberta border and has become an important centre for transportation, administration and tourism. It has a population of nearly 4,000 with an additional 14,000 in the trading area, and enjoying continuing progression in many areas such as community growth, housing, education, health, recreation, etc., a potential Shangri-La.

Standing Tall (or time prevents everything from happening at once)

by Lita Camozzi, S.O.S.

We were still uplifted from my Silver Jubilee Mass, which had just been celebrated by Bishop Joseph Faber MacDonald, but none more so than Sister MacLellan. She had a great idea and she wanted to have a rehearsal. A rehearsal for what? who? where? when? She said, "Something for the men."

"Which men?"

"The ones in the correctional institute." She continued, "All we have to do is to change a few things around from the Mass and we will be all set to go." She added:

"But this has to be serious."

"No fooling around."

"Ho - o - ly pieces."

"Bible Reading."

"Lots and lots of hymns, not lots, but something for them to think about . . ."

"Most of them are there on their first offense."

"Okay, okay" we all agreed.

"You'll go!" Her rosy cheeks got rosier and her eyes danced and she was off to phone the warden.

Soon we were ready. I was to wear the corsage Father George sent and explain why so many Sisters of Service were together in Clarendville. (Seven Sisters of Service is a big crowd after all). Sister Hayes was to sing The Bluebird of Happiness. Ann Maria McEleny was to introduce herself. (They would be interested in a visitor from Scotland). The sisters could introduce the next person: Sister Hartman play holy pieces . . . (so who was the first to request something lively and not necessarily holy when we got there? Sister MacLellan). I brought the poster I was given, TIME PREVENTS EVERYTHING FROM HAPPENING AT ONCE.

I did not realize how appropriate it was. Sometimes it seems as though Guardian Angels have a degree in comedy.

Sister MacLellan stood tall in front of the men, with her size two shoes together and said, "Everybody stand while we recite together The Lord's Prayer." They stood!

Sister Helen Hayes, Sister General, looked and sounded beautiful when she sang The Bluebird of Happiness to these men. It was a special experience to see her sweetly smile and sing to them:

*The beggar man and the mighty king
are only different in name*

For they are treated just the same

by fate,

Today a smile and tomorrow tears,

We're never sure what's in store,

So learn your lesson before too

late . . . and

Be like I, hold your head up high

Till you find the bluebird of

happiness.

You will find greater peace of mind

Knowing there's a bluebird of

happiness.

And when he sings to you, though

you're deep in blue,

You will see a ray of light creep

through, and so

Remember this, life is no abyss,

somewhere there's a bluebird of

happiness . . .

Our visit ended with Sister MacLellan's last words to the men:

*"Good-bye, God bless each one of you,
may your time soon be up and may you
never repeat your sentence.*

I had the feeling they were echoing my thoughts, "What a woman!"

I'm Not Sick, You Know, Sister

by Mary Phillips, S.O.S.

Continued from page 11

Thank you, Sister, for your kind words of encouragement as we journey with Jesus. The girls are always anxious to receive their lessons back from you; they can hardly wait to read your kind words."

Lessons have humorous moments, too.

To the request, "Describe what forgiveness means to you," one sixth grade boy responded: "Forgiveness is like bubble-gum; you feel better when it comes out of your mouth."

Finally, one child created a beautiful Christmas tree with ornaments called "God's protection"; David's prayer "God's contract"; "Church"; "Called to be free"; and so on. On the back of each ornament was printed a second message.

Since we can create only out of what has truly been internalized, the young contributors of these drawings, essays, and verses have grasped more about God and church, much more, than a memorized pat answer.

Quotes given from papers and projects of students, and from the written comments of parents, demonstrate that the correspondence courses sent out by the Sisters of Service are achieving the aims of contemporary catechesis.

Her aged, unsteady hands attempted to make the Sign of the Cross as her right arm, weakened by a partial stroke, moved uncertainly. She lies in her bed in a little frame house on an inconspicuous street in Fort McMurray, waiting patiently for her God to visit her in Holy Communion and to come to take her home.

"I want you to bring me Holy Communion every Sunday, Sister, just on Sundays, you understand?"

She has lived most of her life out "in the bush" and brought up a big family. She is now bed-ridden at home — she won't go back to the hospital. Her gratitude for the Eucharist and the Sacrament of the Sick celebrated with her in her home recently, was touching.

Lucy together with cancer patients, young and old, stroke victims, malformed babies whose mothers' hearts are torn apart with suffering are the ones whom society doesn't know how to deal with — so they are left alone.

My ministry to the sick and suffering takes me into their homes and into the hospital where a third of the patients are Catholics. Fifteen or so other ministers attend to the needs of their own parishioners.



Newborn in the hospital



A cup of water given in my name . . .



Grandma Powder

Grandma Powder, ninety-nine this June, curls up like a kitten in her hospital bed. "I'm not sick, you know, Sister. My hip is sore, that's all." Her hip fractured some time ago and, because she is also blind, she can't manage her walker very easily.

"Sister, I look after Mary Jane but I always feel that I'm disturbing her when I go in. She prays all the time.

The Easter of Fifty-Six Baptisms

Within the parish are three different baptism programs. One is for newborns. The parents are required to take two classes in preparation for the baptisms.

These take place monthly on the first and second Sundays and the baptisms are on the third and fourth Sundays.

The second program is for children who were not baptized as infants. (The Rite of Christian Initiation for Children). This "journey" lasts several months. From October to Christmas weekly meetings are for the parents. From New Year's to Easter the weekly meetings include the children as well. The program culminates with the baptism at the Easter Vigil.

The third program is the Rite of Christian Initiation for Adults which is for those adults interested in the faith. The first portion from October to Christmas is an enquiry time. At Christmas each person is interviewed and asked if they wish to continue. Complete freedom is given. The Sacraments are generally studied from Christmas to Lent. Again another interview takes place where the catechumen again is free to choose. The Church community accepts the person or advises waiting at this time. Reception into the Church is at the Easter Vigil after a lenten retreat with special prayers for the catechumens. Marriages following annulments of former marriages, often take place prior to Easter.

This year at Easter there were eleven adults received into the Church. This includes Baptism for most, Confirmation



Adult Baptism

and Reception of the Eucharist for all. In the children's program, thirty-two were baptized and received the Eucharist. In the newborn program thirteen were baptized. The Church in McMurray now has fifty-six new members.



New Catholics receiving their First Eucharist

Pastoral care in many, many forms is the order of the day for me. Remembering "Whatever you have done to the least of my brethren you have done to me" much of the goal of my ministry is not to preach but to love and serve the needy, knowing, for example, that when a Christian visits a sick person, there is a real sense in which Christ himself has visited that person.

Like Peter and the other apostles who, after a long time with the Lord, I, too, do not comprehend Jesus or His ways. His answers to prayer contain unimagined surprises. When I stand helpless and sinful, His power shines through. Truly "GOD HAS CHOSEN THE WEAK OF THE WORLD".



Bible Study



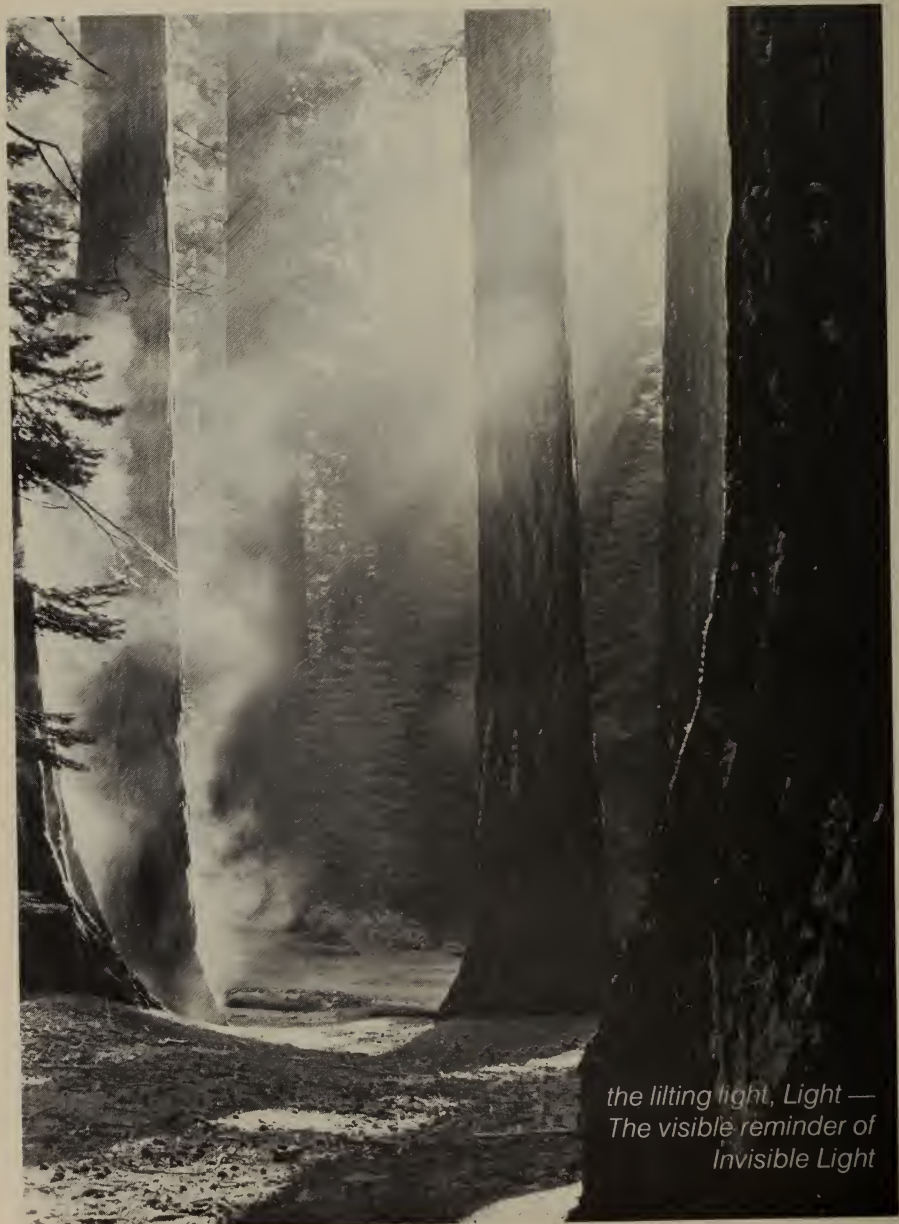
Two children whose mother is in hospital.



Group of new Catholics with the Pastor, Rev. R. Poulin



Sister Mary Phillips enjoys a visit from a former co-worker in the teaching field, on a recent visit to Edmonton.



*the lilting light, Light —
The visible reminder of
Invisible Light*

LORD, Shall we not bring these gifts to your service?
Shall we not bring to Your service all our powers
For life, for dignity, grace and order,
And intellectual pleasures of the senses?
The Lord who created must wish us to create
And employ our creation again in His service
Which is already His service in creating.
For Man is joined spirit and body,
And therefore must serve as spirit and body.
Visible and invisible, two worlds meet in Man;
Visible and invisible must meet in His temple;
You must not deny the body.

Now you shall see the Temple Completed:
After much striving, after many obstacles;
For the work of creation is never without travail;
The formed stone, the visible crucifix,
The dressed altar, the lifting light.

Light

Light

The visible reminder of Invisible Light.

T. S. Eliot

WHAT TO DO WITH LIFE?

Life is the greatest gift of God to man. Yet, life is, perhaps, that which man wastes most. What we are to do with life is our most serious problem. Youth reaches out for life; its plenitude seems so far away. What dreams of the future! Old age looks back on life — and what regrets!

If we have nothing to do with life, let us not forget that life will have something to do with us. A wasted life leaves man amid accumulated ruins and deep sorrows.

The burning concern of every soul should be to give to life its fullness. No vocation fulfills this purpose better than that of the missionary life. Dedicated to God, to the Church, to the salvation of souls, this life is a really "full life". It is freighted with the highest interests — the interests of eternity.

How many young women are wondering what they can do with their life. They find life, as we know it today, shallow and empty. To them we would say "Go ye also into into the Home Mission Field. There you will find life at its best."

G. Daly, C.Ss.R. in "A Call to Service"

If interested please write:
Sister Joan Schafhauser,
10 Montcrest Blvd.
Toronto, Ontario M4K 1J7
Telephone (416) 461-7558

A Medley of Wisdom and Wit

Must the Church Move with the Times?

We do not want, as the newspapers say, a Church that will move with the world. We want a Church that will move the world. We want one that will move it away from many of the things towards which it is now moving; for instance, the Servile State. It is by that test that history will judge, of any Church, whether it is the real Church or not.

G. K. Chesterton

Be What You Are!

God likes variety in souls as in flowers, and He wishes us to praise Him according to the pattern to which we have been created. Why should roses envy lillies, or vice versa? If the Divine Gardener meant you to be a red rose, glowing with love for Him, why waste time and effort trying to make yourself into a lily of transparent whiteness. The lily glorifies its Maker by cool immaculateness, and the red rose rejoices Him by richness and depth of colouring. Who shall say which is most pleasing to the One who created both and never for an instant expects the lily's whiteness in the rose or the rose's fragrance in the lily?

F.A.H

In the temple of your heart, put THINGS in the porch, MEN in the nave — but keep the sanctuary for God.

A steamer was in mid ocean when one of the crew shouted "Man overboard; throw a buoy after him." Pat, who was standing by caught hold of a youngster and threw him over. "I meant a cork buoy," shouted the sailor. "Well" responded Pat, "how was I to know whether he was from Killarney or from Cork?"

A yawn is an opening made by a bore.

To walk with God, no strength is lost — walk on.

When a little bird tells you something don't repeat it until you are sure the little bird wasn't a cuckoo.

No matter how much you nurse a grudge it won't get better.

Then there was the recruit who told the Sergeant-Major that a fortification was two twentifications.

An Alabama farmer, after imbibing a prodigious quantity of moonshine whiskey, attempted to blow out a candle, whereupon his alcohol-saturated breath burst into flame.

Horribly shaken by the experience, the man begged his wife to bring him the Family Bible, muttering: "Sarah, this has been a terrible lesson to me. I gotta swear off."

The delighted woman produced the desired volume. Placing his hand on it, the farmer intoned: "Before Heaven, I swear that never again will I blow on a lighted candle." *Radio Review*.

Teacher: "Johnny, make a sentence with the words 'Effervescent' and 'Fiddlestick'."

Johnny: "Effervescent enough covers on the bed your fiddlestick out!"

REVERSE CREATION

In the end, man destroyed the heaven that was called earth.
The earth had been beautiful until the spirit of man moved over it
and destroyed all things

And man said . . .

Let there be darkness . . . and there was darkness.

And man liked the darkness; so he called the darkness "security";

And he divided himself into races and religions and classes of
society.

And there was no evening and no morning on the seventh day
before the end."

And man said . . .

Let there be a strong government to control us in our darkness.

Let there be armies to control our bodies, so that we may learn
to kill one another neatly and efficiently in our darkness.

And there was no evening and no morning on the sixth day before
the end.

And man said . . .

Let there be rockets and bombs to kill faster and easier;

Let there be gas chambers and furnaces to be more thorough.

And there was no evening and no morning on the fifth day before
the end.

And man said . . .

Let there be drugs and other forms of escape, for there is this
constant annoyance REALITY which is disturbing our comfort.

And there was no morning and no evening on the fourth day
before the end.

Let there be division among the nations, so that we may know who
is our common enemy.

And there was no morning and no evening on the third day before
the end.

And finally man said . . .

Let us Create God in our image.

Let some other god compete with us.

Let us say that God thinks — as we think; hates — as we hate;
and kills — as we kill.

And there was no morning and no evening on the second day
before the end.

On the LAST day there was a great noise on the face of the earth.

Fire consumed the beautiful globe, and there was — SILENCE.

The blackened earth now rested to worship the one true God;

And God saw all that man had done

and in the silence over the smoldering ruins — HE WEPT.

Author Unknown

He stands at the end of the road,
What road?
Majesty, kindness, mercy and love
All radiate from His countenance
so beautiful.

"Come," He says, "To Me,
Keep straight to the road –
It will be rough,
There must be pain;
But great your gain
For I myself will deign
To have you reign
With Saints and angels fair,
So dare the heights,
For Christ, your King, is there."

Hold tight your Mother's hand
And she will guide you safe
To the happy land
Of her dear Son –
Your loved and loving One.

Florence Regan, S.O.S.

Rosemarie Hudon, S.O.S.

Sister Rosemarie Hudon died suddenly in the 48th year of religious life, on May 18th in Sherbrooke, Québec. Her obituary will be in the fall issue.

sisters **S***of* **S***service*

FIELD AT HOME

VOLUME 59, NO. 3

AUTUMN 1983



FIELD AT HOME VOL. 59, NO. 3 AUTUMN/OCTOBER 1983

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Picture Credits

- | |
|------------------------|
| Cover: Miller Services |
| Leader-Post, Regina |
| Brooks Kennedy Studio |

THE FIELD AT HOME
is published quarterly by the
Sisters of Service
10 Montcrest Boulevard
Toronto, Canada M4K 1J7
Subscription: \$2.00 a year
Single Copy: 50 cents
Second Class Mail
Registration Number 1106
Return Postage Guaranteed

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Printed by
Macdonald-Downie Ltd.

from the EDITOR'S DESK



St. Thomas Aquinas in 1259 wrote "One of the surest signs that a person is a Christian is that he or she has an abiding spirit of gratitude."

And in 1979, Father Bernard Haring wrote "A sure sign that you have a Christian spirit is that you have a 'grateful memory'".

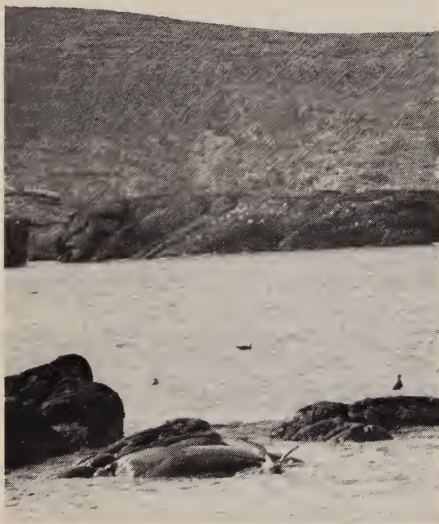
I recall our pastor at St. Mary's Church telling the congregation to never forget to show gratitude; that a person without gratitude had a serious character flaw.

It has been said that if you want to do something you will find a way — while some may find an excuse. How many times have we said "it's impossible" without trying to find out if that was the whole truth. When this happens ask yourself, "Am I looking for an excuse for not trying?" One of my favorite stories is about Pat who when asked if he could play the violin said "I don't know, I never tried."

Much has been written and true stories televised about men and women who have tried, heroically, in spite of severe handicaps to accomplish things they were told, by of so many people, were impossible.

These heroic people had faith and trust in God to whom nothing is IMPOSSIBLE. We should be grateful for the word "IMPOSSIBLE" which offers us many challenges.

If you have accepted some 'impossible' challenges you have learned, I'm sure that 'nothing is impossible with God.'



*There is rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none
intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its
roar . . .*

Lord Byron

What is the use of praying if at the very moment of prayer we have so little confidence in God that we are busy planning our own kind of answer to our prayer?

Thomas Merton

Do not forget: A man needs little to lead a happy life.

Marcus Aurelius.

*Heaven and earth shall pass away:
but my words shall not pass away.*

Luke 21:33

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

Sister Hilda Lunney, S.O.S.

Silver Jubilarian

As I reflect upon my twenty-five years of Religious Life, I find myself asking, "When did it really begin? How has God intervened in my life during that time."

Becoming a Religious was never one of my childhood dreams or one of my adolescent fantasies. It seemed only after I had seriously planned my future and felt good about this plan, that God decided to make His will known to me. Only after much dissuading, praying and hours spent intervening through St. Gerard Majella, the Patron of Vocations, could I finally say, "Here I am Lord". It was on the feast of Saint Anne, July 26, that I entered the Sisters of Service Novitiate in Toronto, the only candidate in the summer class of '58.

The first few years in Religious Life prepared me for teaching religion both orally and through correspondence, to the children. This apostolate took me to our Missions of Fargo, N.D. for two years; Regina, Sask., for two years; Nelson, B.C., for six months, and finally back to Toronto to make final vows in August 1966, preceded by a week of preparation on Christian Island with Sister Rosemarie Hudon.

After making vows I was assigned to join the staff of our Girls' Residence in Toronto where I remained for two years until we closed the Residence. It was a memorable time for me when the last girl in the Residence and I finally said goodbye to a house that had been a 'Home Away From Home' for girls from 1924. I was then assigned to the Motherhouse to be secretary to the Superior, Sister Patricia Burke, for one year, after which I went in training at the Quo Vadis School of Nursing in Toronto and graduated in 1971. From that time until 1976 I was on staff at the Lakeshore Psychiatric Hospital in Toronto. Those five years brought me in contact with many



people both well and sick, with whom I learned to laugh, weep and pray as various emotions came into play. It was a growing experience and one in which the Lord was truly present, in many forms of life and in various situations. In 1976 I resigned from this position after being appointed Superior of our Motherhouse, a position I held until 1982. I was then assigned to our Girls' Residence in Halifax and it is from this mission that I write my article.

A few precious moments stand out in my life through these years. It is a custom in our Community to choose a saint and motto when we make final vows. This was important to me and I wanted a motto that would have meaning in my life and one that I could recall easily as I journeyed toward God. One day while sitting in chapel I opened my prayer book and out fell a card with the picture of a bird leaving the hand of the Lord under which was written, "Revertimini



Statue of Gerard Majella, Patron of Vocations.



*Barrows Communion Class, 1962.
Barrows, Manitoba.*

ad me" which had been given to me by my Novice Mistress, Sister Agnes Dwyer. As I reflected upon these words it was evident that this would be my motto, "Always return to me". My patron saint was not difficult to choose since Saint Gerard had been a friend both before I entered and the years following and I believed would continue to be throughout my life, guiding me in the right direction.

The day I became a novice was special for me as I recall leaving the chapel as a postulant and returning as a novice while the S.O.S. choir sang "Thanks be to God for habit grey, for graces that are mine today, for calling me to walk his way, Thanks be to God". These same words I find myself repeating time and again as I continue to live out my dedication and loving service of Christ while continuing my journey to the Father.



Sister Rosemarie Hudon, S.O.S.

by Ella Zink, S.O.S.

Sister Rosemarie Hudon died May 18th, 1983, in the 47th year of her religious life. Sister Hudon was visiting friends in the Eastern Townships, where she had been born in Richmond, Quebec, when she was stricken suddenly. She died twenty-four hours later.

Sister Hudon was a graduate of Marguerite Bourgeys College of the University of Montreal and had taught in Alberta before she entered. She became a Sister of Service because most of her work was in Western Canada and because she did not really want a lifetime career in teaching. Yet she was, by nature, a student, an academic. These facts are important because in asking to be free of teaching, for which she was well trained, she, willy-nilly, was assigned to tasks for which she was not trained and for which she had little or no aptitude. But the Lord works mysteriously. His wonders to unfold. It was in the performance of these many and varied tasks that we learned to recognize her wonderful nobility of character, her utter humility, her devotion to prayer. She never criticized and in her company, no matter how miserable a character one was, one did not criticize either. She never, never complained. And she had a wonderful rollicking sense of humour and a loud joyous laugh which caught others up in its mirthfulness and made them laugh too.

Eventually Sister Hudon went back to teaching and to the acquisition of an M.A. and a Ph.D. After gaining her doctorate, she taught Scripture. Born teacher that she was, she caught and held the attention of her audience whether that audience was drawn from a highly sophisticated group in a large metropolitan centre or from a group of fisher-folk in the outports of Newfoundland. Of course she had far too much re-



spect for persons ever to talk down to anyone.

Sister Hudon had one trait which was both exasperating and endearing: She was a consummate con artist. She conned all of us who ever lived with her from novitiate days until her death. We knew we were being conned, she knew we knew, but it went right on and she got away with it. It was probably a measure of her personal charm.

Though Sister Hudon and I came from the same part of the country and had gone to the same College, we had never met until I entered. We became very good friends but from the time she made vows until two years ago we had never lived together. I shall always cherish those two years. I miss the long discussions and the arguments, ah, the arguments. Sister was one of those rare women with whom you could argue for hours without any hard feelings on either side. But I think it took her death

We Have Served

to impress upon me her essential nobility, her great charity, her deep humility. I hope I shall be a better person for having known her.

Sister's relatives and friends loved her very dearly. They and we S.O.S. have lost a loved one and a valued member. But she was more than ready to go home. And to end this on an anthropomorphic note of which Sister Hudon would greatly disapprove: I cannot help imagining her in Heaven conning the younger angels to do little favours for her. I'm sorry, Rosemarie, but I just cannot help it.

The Teacher Never Errs

Rosemarie Hudon, S.O.S.

It isn't always easy to teach pupils in the upper grades — they so often think that they "know it all". Not so with the Grade 1 children. Those endearing young charmers always think the teacher "knows it all", and have perfect confidence in her.

Take this anecdote for instance — I was correcting a little tot's writing scribbler. He had used up a whole page printing his surname. As I looked at it quickly I said: "Oh Wayne, you made a mistake, you left out the r, it should be CARTER". Then looking at the model on the top line I noticed that there was no "r" there either. Because it was such an important word I tried to impress it upon him by saying very carefully: "I made a mistake". He put his little hands behind him, threw back his head, and laughed heartily, then when he could control his mirth, he said: "I bet you that's the first mistake you ever made"!



Our deceased Sisters

*October, November and
December Anniversaries*

Mary Shostak	Oct. 7, 1948
Gertrude Walsh	Oct. 29, 1976
Rose Jolicoeur	Nov. 5, 1978
Florence MacNeil	Nov. 8, 1976
Mary O'Kane	Nov. 17, 1963
Edna Deland	Nov. 20, 1975
Mary Quinn	Nov. 23, 1980
Agnes Black	Nov. 24, 1981
Lydia Tyler	Dec. 3, 1956
Frances Church	Dec. 21, 1955

Behind Bars

Leader-Post, Regina

For months, Bryan Folk spent spare moments working on a black velvet, paint-by-number version of *The Last Supper*.

One night at a Christian fellowship meeting, he met Sister Anne Green, an 82-year old nun who had been painting and teaching art for years.

"She showed me some of the pictures that she had painted and I knew from them that we had to get her to teach an art class," Folk said. "Her pictures were alive."

Folk, who felt a need to expand his artistic horizons beyond paint-by-number, asked Green if she might be interested in getting together with a small group once a week or so for an hour of painting and informal instruction. She agreed.

Since January, the group has met regularly to paint still lifes and landscapes from photographs. It resembles dozens of painting classes in the city to be found in private homes and neighborhood recreation centres. But this one is different. It takes place at the Regina Correctional Centre.

Clanging Gates

The small classroom, reached after walking through corridors segmented with clanging security gates, has bars on the windows and the inescapable institutional air of a jail. But once the inmates are seated behind their easels, dabbing paint onto canvas as Green hovers nearby with suggestions on perspective and brush strokes, the bars all but disappear.

"I have never seen such concentration," says Father Doug Bayliss, the Regina Correctional Centre chaplain who assists with the prison arts program. "Every Wednesday morning, they are in that room like a shot helping to set up. They come to it with complete and utter concentration. It's fantastic."

The painting class, part of a larger program at the correctional centre which includes everything from music appreciation to Roman Catholic life skills, isn't just a way of killing time for the inmates, Bayliss said.

Not Bums

"It gives them something to do and look forward to," Bayliss said. "But the important thing is that most of these kids have come to the conclusion that they're bums because they've been told that so many times. Depression feeds on itself."

"This kind of thing helps them to start feeling good about themselves. It gives them a sense of self worth. I can't say what will happen to them once they're back on the street. They're not likely to become professional painters or singers, but they will have more interests to help them cope."

The teachers at the correctional centre are all community volunteers. Bayliss believes that link with the "outside" is essential.

"They (the inmates) came from the community and go back to the community. The community puts them in here and they have an obligation."

With an inmate population of approximately 400, Bayliss said it's not possible to get all the prisoners involved in programs like weekly art classes. And since inmates at the correctional centre serve short terms (all under two years), many are in and out within a few months and aren't in a position to benefit.

While the Correctional Centre's painting class is small, and just beginning, prison arts programs at a number of institutions around the country have been established for years.

Stan Bartlett, a member of the Board of Directors of Prison Arts Saskatchewan, said a national organization known as



Bryan Folk works under the watchful eye of Sister Anne Green

the Prison Arts Foundation has been active for 10 years promoting arts programs in Canadian correctional institutions, running competitions, touring national exhibitions, selling inmate art and organizing workshops.

A group of artists and individuals professionally involved in corrections decided last year to form a provincial organization — Prison Arts Saskatchewan — to work as a separate but complementary support system for the national body.

Some institutions, such as the Saskatchewan Penitentiary and the Pine Grove Correctional Centre for women in Prince Albert, have well developed, active programs that have been around for several years.

"In Prince Albert, inmates can even work on art as part of the job placement program" Bartlett said.

If an institution is prepared to provide materials and space, Bartlett said Prison Arts will put up the money to hire professional arts and crafts instructors. The organization also sets up arts and crafts sales, within institutions or in shopping malls, for inmates work.

"Part of our plan is to increase the criminal justice system's profile," Bartlett said. "We publish a modest newsletter with articles on prominent prison artists. Two of the most well-known are from Saskatchewan — Billy Brass and Alvin Redman."

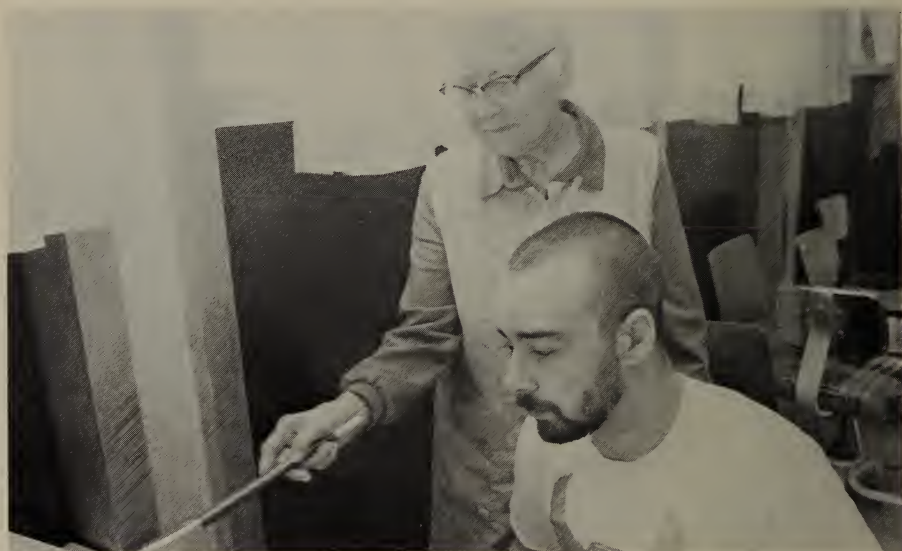
Brass, who had his first exhibition at the Regina Correctional Centre in 1972, was included in a national Prison Arts Foundation touring exhibition. Redman, who also began his artistic career while serving time in the Regina Correctional Centre, has exhibited at the Assiniboia Gallery in Regina.

Major Benefits

Bartlett agrees with Bayliss that one of the major benefits of a prison arts program is the sense of self worth it creates among the inmates.

"There's a surprisingly high level of interest and great creativity", he said. For some of the inmates, it's the first time they've had the chance to create something on their own, with their own hands. That might sound a bit melodramatic but it's important.

"It's also a great way of coping, espe-



Instruction for Robert La Brecque

cially if you're serving a long term like 10 or 20 years. After they get out, many of them will continue working at art or music or writing as a hobby. And there are others, like Michel Pellus, who are making a killing selling their work in New York."

The subject matter can range from bleak depictions of prison life to petit point flowers. Some of the work currently being made in Saskatchewan prisons will be sent on a regional tour, organized with the assistance of the Art Gallery of Ontario, and sold.

"The other benefit of an organization like Prison Arts Saskatchewan is the public relations value," Bartlett said. "Most people don't want to think about what happens in jails. This kind of thing is palatable, and it can get people interested and encourage the community to become involved in the criminal justice process."

A Practical Prelate

F.A.H.

A certain well-known and quite down-to-earth Bishop was with a group of ecclesiastics at a religious conference. After the more intellectual part of the evening was over, the assembled company retired to an excellent buffet supper. A young priest, anxious to impress the Bishop with a sense of ascetics, pointedly observed, "This is the time to put a bridle on our appetites." "Why, not at all," returned the Bishop with a twinkle in his eye. "Rather this is the time to put a bit in our mouths."

Who overcomes

By force

hath overcome but half his foe.

John Milton, "Paradise Lost"

Most Reverend Anthony Tonnos, D.D.

Auxiliary Bishop of Hamilton

On July 12, 1983, over 2,000 parishioners, relatives and Government officials gathered in St. Alfred's Church in St. Catharines to witness the ordination of Monsignor Tonnos as Auxiliary Bishop of Hamilton. The principal Consecrator was the Most Rev. T. J. McCarthy, D.D., former Bishop of St. Catharines. The Most Rev. P. F. Reding, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, and the Most Rev. T. B. Fulton, D.D., Bishop of St. Catharines acted as co-consecrators.

Thirty Bishops and two Cardinals, Gerald Emmett Cardinal Carter, and Geo. B. Cardinal Flahiff, welcomed their new colleague as a Shepherd of the Church.

The Sisters have a particular reason for sharing in this celebration as Msgr. Tonnos, then Pastor of St. Alfred's Parish, was conscientious in attending to the spiritual needs of the Sisters of Service, frequently saying Mass in the S.O.S. Chapel and visiting with the sisters.

In offering our heartfelt congratulations we wish to express sincere gratitude for his generous interest in the Sisters of Service.

AD MULTOS ANNOS!



First Blessing as a Bishop. Bishop A. J. Tonnos, July 12/83.

I asked Jesus
"How much
do You love me?"
"This much,"
And He Stretched
out His arms
and died.

Sunday the Day the Dandelions Dream

by Robert Thomas Allen — reprinted from *The Review*.

One Sunday when I sat reading in a park near my place I looked up at the people around me — an elderly lady in a grey hat sitting beneath a sunny locust tree, staring straight ahead; a man leaning with his elbows on his knees, thinking, a pale young woman with her eyes closed and her face turned to the sun — and it struck me that a kind of mystery was taking place there at the corner of St. Clair and Avenue Road, that we were four strangers all sharing in the peace and serenity of a special, ancient holy day that had been passed on to us for nearly 2000 years (for centuries more than that if its origins are linked with the sabbath of the Old Testament).

It lay like a blessing on the surrounding streets and lawns and driveways. It seemed to cast a kind of spell on a kid I noticed on my way home who knelt on top of a car in a cobbled drive looking at the nozzle of a hose, calling softly. "Turn it on" to someone, his whole manner so languid you could hardly say he was working, and on two plump women who sat side by side on a low veranda parapet, heads bowed, talking so quietly all you could hear was a murmur mingling with the sound of cicadas. In an odd way it seemed to make people more aware of one another. A man who passed me, hustling along the sidewalk, feet flapping, late for something, perhaps church, called good morning as he passed, and three people who stood on the street, talking, looked right into one another's faces, smiling, as if they were in on some pleasant secret, the way I remember people outside the church where I went to Sunday school at the corner of Jackman and Hurndale avenues, in the neighborhood where I grew up.

Sunday was an important day in our house, although my mother and father

hadn't been in church since just before the St. Louis World's Fair, when they were married. But they respected people who went to church, and respected religion, and although they didn't read the Bible (a book I started reading myself in later years and have read a great deal of since) they had a great reverence for it, and for Sunday, and believed in showing respect for the day, although not in the stern sense of the Scottish Presbyterian family of one man I still see, who wasn't even allowed to read on Sunday (except the Bible) or do anything with the slightest weekday flavor. Once he got into trouble with his minister when he was seen in Balkwill's drugstore, where he'd gone on his way home from Pape Avenue Presbyterian Church to have a strange-tasting new drink that had just come on the market, with an even stranger name — Coca-Cola. "I used to get a shot of lemon in it," he told me recently, still savoring the feeling of reckless rebellion, although he must now be around 70. But you acted respectfully around our house all the same, in a way that seemed appropriate to having respectful thoughts. ("You could look at the water, but you couldn't skip stones on it," a friend of mine from the Maritimes told me once, describing Sunday visits during her girlhood to relatives on the Bay of Fundy.) If you saw a crony out on his veranda across the street, and hollered, "hey, Eddie," your mother would open the front door a bit and say, "That's enough of *that*. This is Sunday." I sometimes think of my mother now when I read about how all hell broke out on the Lord's Day . . . "Police battle 80,000 rioting soccer fans at Sunday's game" . . . "Bobby Czyz TKOs Ice-Man Coolidge in Sunday's bout at Atlantic City" . . . "Scuffle as store owners defy law, claim Sunday closing cuts

profits." I can hear my mother saying as she looked out at these scenes through a crack between the living room curtains: "That's a nice way to behave on Sunday, I'm sure."

I've talked to men my age who at the thought of Sundays when they were kids are apt to scowl at their desks and run their fingers around their collars and stretch their necks, remembering how they had to wear suits and ties all day. But in our house dressing up for Sunday had a festive feeling, as if we were all getting ready for the governor general's ball, and gave the house a moral tone. ("Get that confounded dog out of there," I can hear my father saying, looking very clean, if he noticed I had my feet on a warm dog that had burrowed under the bed clothes). I can see my brother yet, standing in front of the dresser in our small back bedroom looking at himself in the mirror with intense concentration, giving little tugs to his shirt above his belt and loosening it above his arm garters and grabbing his tie in both hands as if he'd decided to throttle himself.

There was a texture and character to Sunday and a feeling of celebration about having roast beef by daylight in the dining room with the sun coming in the window beside the china cabinet, and my father in vest, bow tie and shirt sleeves, carving, back from his Sunday morning walk. He often walked through the winding, confusing streets of the neighboring wealthy district of Rosedale, which dozed on the other side of the Don Valley behind yellow brick walls and hollyhocks beneath lovely elms. "You can't walk through that district without getting lost," he'd say, looking pleased with what he always thought was an ingenious plan to discourage strangers from walking through the district.

In the afternoon, you felt that inside the houses on our street people were sitting still in their living rooms or, as my grandfather often was, asleep on the sofa beneath the *Toronto Sunday World*.

A man I talked to a while ago, describing how he put in Sunday afternoon, said, "I used to kick lamp posts." Yet the silence and suspended animation somehow stimulated your imagination and made you think of all the wonderful things that were out there waiting for you in the world.

We could go for a walk anywhere as long as we were dressed up — downtown past silent, empty loading docks; to the Egyptian gallery in the Royal Ontario Museum, or the floor with big glassed-in re-creations of enchanting scenes from nature (for instance, a forest as it was in pioneer times, with a flock of passenger pigeons). And if you went up to the Don Valley after Sunday school, the woods seemed to send out even more mysterious wonderful messages than, say, on Saturday, because you were there under unfamiliar circumstances, in your blue serge suit, with a few burrs sticking to you, feeling like a strange visitor from another planet, standing perhaps on an oak ridge listening to the first fine grains of snow sifting down onto the dead leaves, with your Sunday school paper in your pocket, the faint fragrance of the glossy paper mingling with the exciting smell of coming winter.

A while ago I was in the building where those Sunday school papers used to be printed, a big square shadowy building with a silent lobby that smelled of floor polish and gave the feeling of an old-time Sunday itself — all polished wood and marble and so solid that if you bumped into a railing it hurt your teeth — with the distant sound of an occasional passing streetcar barely penetrat-

ing it, the way sounds faintly penetrated our living room on a Sunday afternoon when the sun lit up the piano and two gilt nymphs holding up a clock on the mantelpiece. A man I worked with for years told me once that one of his most pleasant recollections of Sunday was of a warm, amber sunbeam that came into the living room of his grandparents' house near Ottawa in the afternoon, and of watching the magic way the floating specks of dust were lit up by the beam. Standing there in the lobby of the building, the pleasure I got from those Sunday school papers came back to me — the exotic pictures of bearded kings in gold headbands, and sheep and stone wells, and the stories about boys with pet elephants, and interesting facts. "You can make a floor polisher out of three bricks and a strong wooden box" or "The postman of Landes in southeastern France strides across the waste on gigantic stilts."

I still like Sunday and going for a walk Sunday morning, when the streets are still and the very dandelions and blades of grass seem to be dreaming of something, and the houses give the feeling that people are where they have belonged since the beginning — with their families — and the lovely mood of a misty Sunday morning when the trunks of the elms silhouetted in the haze look like seaweed in a warm lagoon.

And I like to go for a walk around 4:30 Sunday afternoon, amid the muffled sounds of a family day coming to an end; tailgates of station wagons closing; a father calling quietly, "You're carrying that upside down," to a kid carrying a bag up to the veranda, slowly and absentmindedly; the cars sliding up to stop signs gently, as if still thinking of the grandparents they had just dropped off at apartment buildings from afternoon

drives in the country. I see grandparents being picked up in my own apartment building, and hear exclamations of joy when the elevator door opens and some youngster does a careful standing broad jump over the crack between the elevator and the broadloom rug of the corridor right into a gratifying fuss being made over him by his grandmother.

There's been a lot written lately about techniques for relaxation, but one of the best, for the conscience anyway, is being able to stand out on the veranda on Sunday night when the nighthawks are out and everybody is getting ready for Monday, knowing you gave someone elderly and alone not only the outing but, more important, a chance to talk. I remember how my own father, when he was left alone, used to enjoy a Sunday drive and the chance of telling us of all the wonderful things he'd been thinking since last Sunday but didn't have anyone to tell them to. "Say, where are we now?" he'd say when he'd been talking for quite a while, happily oblivious of unimportant things we'd been passing, like 52 storey, goldplated banks and the world's highest freestanding something.

Now and then I catch an almost empty streetcar ambling between Sunday stops, then take the subway to my old neighborhood. It's now largely Greek and there is a sign in Greek on the wall of the church I went to, and as you stand there on a quiet Sunday morning trying to identify the letters, getting an occasional whiff of roast lamb, it all seems somehow fitting, as the first mention we have of the Lord's Day was in Greek, the language of the New Testament. There's a park that, the last time I visited it on a Sunday morning, looked just as drowsy and worn and friendly as I remembered it being when I was a kid. A young woman holding a baby walked in the sun slowly

and thoughtfully. A flock of house sparrows fluttered busily ahead of her in the dust, reminding me of a small, joyful scene I'd watched earlier that morning, a sparrow bouncing on a twig, cheeping to the accompaniment of distant church bells. Near where I was now, Frankland schoolyard lay silent and empty behind St. Barnabas Church and when I walked over to it, a girl of perhaps 14, out for a Sunday morning walk with a small black dog on a leash, stopped and said, "Sir, did you used to go to this school?" as if Sunday was a time to stop and look around and even backward, and when I told her I did, we both stood looking at where a maple had been cut down. "I used to play under that tree," the girl said.

Sometimes, the way things are going, I get the feeling that Sunday will disappear. Then I discover something that is still unchanged, just as I remembered it. The afternoon of the day when I'd been sitting reading in the park near my apartment building, I walked downtown. Yonge Street sounded like a midway, arcades buzzing and ringing and little electronic people disintegrating other little electronic people, tense Sunday players in running shoes, jeans, frayed shorts, T-shirts, I managed to find a quiet spot, a kind of well being between high buildings near Holy Trinity Church, and as I stood there enjoying the quiet, a door to an empty looking building opened and I got talking to a woman in one of those pert Salvation Army hats, who cocked her head and looked up at the sky and said if it didn't rain the Salvation Army band would be playing at Dundas and Yonge, and I said I'd be there, and she said, "God bless you."

I heard a great concert, some wonderful tunes like WHOSOEVER WILL and STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS. A

couple of hecklers outside the Hard Rock Cafe made yahooing noises, centuries old, and a kid with a radio the size of a suitcase passed, momentarily jamming the sound of the band. There were six of us left, including an Eaton's cleaning man standing behind a glass door, leaning on his broom looking as if he were remembering some far-off home. Then a tall young Salvation Army man invited another grey haired gent and me to come to an evening meeting. "It's at the corner of James and what used to be Albert Street," he said cheerfully. The bank played ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS . . ." Like a mighty army, moves the church of God, brothers we are treading where the saints have trod . . ." and packed up their instruments and drifted away and I went home, and cut across the park, where an old gent was sitting in the evening shadows in a nice tatty bit of park near Cenacle Retreat, formerly Metropolitan Toronto Music Library, with both hands resting on his cane, looking as if he'd been sitting there a long time, enjoying the quiet, maybe getting subtle messages from a distant past about Sunday.



It is God who can transform the lowest
into the highest,
Who humbles the proud,
And causes that which is in darkness
To become Light.

Horace

Hazel Finds a House

by Anita Hartman, S.O.S.

Hazel Upshaw is a member of the Nursing staff for the Sisters of Service in St. Catharines.

Hazel Upshaw is a nurse who works for the Sisters of Service in St. Catharines. Hazel needed to find a home near-by for her aging grandparents because they needed her help. She was very worried, for their need was urgent and the prospects didn't look good. Hazel tells her own story:

"I felt the world was dumping in on me," explained Hazel. "Even the Sisters noticed something was wrong. Sister Walsh and others commented that I wasn't my usual 'sparkling self', as they put it.

I told the sisters that I needed prayer. It had helped me out of binds before, and I was desperately in need of help again. Well, here in St. Catharines we are like a family, and the sisters did take my intention to the Lord in the chapel.

All of a sudden things began to happen. The housing agent told me of a house that was up for rent. It was in a perfect locality, and my grandparents would easily be able to afford it. I couldn't believe the good price. It made me wonder whether something was wrong with the house, so I asked the agent how long it had been on the market.

"Twenty minutes," he replied.

"I phoned the owner's wife and told her that my grandparents needed a house within three days, and I explained the circumstances to her." "You will find my husband more than a fair man to deal with," she assured me. "We are expecting some people to come and look at the house this afternoon at 1:45 p.m. Why don't you come at 1:30 p.m. to get ahead of them?"

That is just what I did. My son drove me to the address and as soon as I spot-

ted the house I shouted, "Stop the car! Let me out!"



"Ah Mom," he complained, "I'm in the middle of the street. You're getting so strung up lately."

"Do you see those two cars looking for a parking space?" I asked him. "I have a feeling those people are coming to see this house, and I want to get there first." With that, I stepped out the car and hurried to the front door. Sure enough, I was closely followed by the drivers of the other two vehicles.

Because I was there first I was shown through the house first. Everything about it was ideal. In fact, the style of the house was such that it seemed like a smaller version of the one my grandparents had just given up. I told the owner how wonderful it would be for them to have it, but had to explain at the same time that I did not have enough money to pay the required deposit. I would have to wait until pay day.

From around the corner appeared my competitor, holding out a hand full of fifty dollar bills. He said to the owner, "Here, I have the full deposit — both the first and last month's rent. I would like the house."

The owner looked at him and said, "I'm sorry, the house is rented. She was here first." And to me the owner added "If ever in this world I am able to do someone a good turn, I would like to know that I can do it."

For this favor, all the Sisters in St. Catharines offered a prayer of thanks. Hazel is one member of the staff of thirteen who give round-the-clock nursing assistance to the aged Sisters of Service in St. Catharines Retirement Manor. Their head nurse is Wendy Swinton. The staff members who work with Wendy and Hazel are: Joanne Davies, Joan Tiffney, Chris Collins, Darlene MacKay, Sandy Roscoe, Susan Coyne, Debbie Erskine, Mary Hartman, Stephanie Taylor, Wilma Livingston and Evelyn Waldon.

The manor has seven floors, and all are occupied by senior citizens, but the third floor is used exclusively by the Sisters of Service. Residing with them is Mrs. Leah Sheehan, the mother of Sister Agnes Sheehan. Father Charles Padonyi is their resident chaplain.

The most senior member of the community in St. Catharines is Sister

Catherine Donnelly. She also has the distinction of being the first Sister of Service. Sister Donnelly never fails to show both surprise and delight when she is reminded that on her next birthday she will be one hundred years old. "Let's not tell anyone," she says.



Sister Alena Bryden, Superior, assists Mrs. Sheehan to phone her family in Winnipeg.

*Sister Catherine Donnelly
will be one hundred years old,
February 26, 1984.*



*The entire third floor of the
Niagara Retirement Manor is
used by the Sisters of Service.*



A New Recruit for Christ

Ed.'s Note. Many of our readers will be interested in hearing news of our latest recruit for the Sisters of Service. Sister Colette Sabourin entered our Novitiate In December 1982 and has been preparing for work on the missions. Here are her impressions:

Hello everyone!

I wanted to wait until I was a bit settled before sending you some news. I have now been here one month — it seems like so much has happened in that short time. It didn't take me long to start flowing with the swing of things. I quite enjoy it here!

I hope that everyone is well — I must admit that I often think about you. The months that I have spent with you are times of real growth for me, it was a time to deepen my relationship with the Lord. With your love and support and your openness I saw Christ reflected in each of you. It gave me the courage to say "yes; I want to follow you, Lord."

More and more I realize how the Lord has gifted me with His many graces — specially the gift of faith. I have been going around the little missions to help prepare the children for the sacrament of reconciliation and First Communion. There is such a need for evangelization. I pray that the Lord will bless them and fill them with His love and His peace; and that they will seek to serve Him through one another.

Two days ago I was asked to give a talk to a group from the Anglican Church to those who are part of choirs and to the altar boys. There were between 75 - 100 people. I have never spoken to such a large group before. The reason I accepted was because I have been praying that God will use me as His instrument in whatever ways, so that He can be reflected to others who are also thirsting



for Him. I didn't realize He would have this in mind. It went well. Sister MacLellan came with me to give me support. I talked about my experience, my journey with the Lord — how He has been working in my life, then I played my guitar and sang with the people. It was quite an experience for me.

I really enjoy working with the Sisters. There is such a bond between them. They are very busy at this time of year but they manage to spend time together — their commitment to the community is a good example to all. Our motto "I Have Come to Serve" is well reflected.

When I am at home, I do odd jobs — printing certificates, typing, correcting lessons, cooking, etc. I am learning a lot!

The summer promises to be a very interesting experience. For those who will be travelling and taking holidays, I hope that you will have a good time and that you will return renewed.

con't. on pg. 23

Atlantic Commitment

by Viola Mossey, S.O.S.

Once again we have come to the end of our Catechetical School Season in Clarendville, Newfoundland.

As is our custom before beginning our work, in September 1982 through a prayer service in our house Chapel, we rededicated our work and our families to God. With confidence we resumed our hope of instructing His little ones, of getting to know their parents better, offering any help we could give them as they accept the responsibility to teach their children.

The winter was good to us. Again we sincerely thank God and our Guardian Angels for protecting us as we travelled from Wesleyville, Bonavista Bay, North to Winterton, Trinity Bay.

Much work was accomplished during those months, the day's work often ran into the night hours but with May came the satisfaction of handing out certificates to those who worked so diligently and faithfully completed the courses. Also there is the concentrated preparation for the Sacraments of Reconciliation and Eucharist for the first time. This involved special classes with the children.

Since Vatican II much importance is placed on the Sacrament of Confirmation. Confirmation which means strengthening, seals the work of the Holy Spirit begun in each and everyone of us at Baptism.

The commitment made by us has to be continually ratified. It is not just by a signing up with a Hockey Club or Ballet Class that we become good hockey players or ballet dancers. We have to exercise and practice continually, so it is with our faith. Our hope is that this faith will be nurtured and deepened through the Religion Correspondence Program. Retreat days were organized for our students during the year. When possible our students who attend the Integrated

School system, joined with the children from a Catholic School system allowing them to experience community with their counterparts who are privileged to attend this system.

The celebrations for those three very important Sacraments in the many parishes and missions under our care were carried out with anticipation and joy. The children and families served as readers, as collectors and in the Offertory Procession. As a completion to the whole Community celebration the ladies of each Community served a lunch and in some cases, a pot-luck supper.

With so much emphasis placed on the family of today we would like to share with you a few of the heartening remarks made by some of the parents.

Course 1

Gina enjoyed this lesson very much. I think that she thinks more about God than she did before. She'll mention His name often and she talks to her friends about what she did in the lesson. She is always anxious to start a new lesson when we receive it.

Angela had many ideas on how to make others happy. I too needed this lesson. Thank you!

Course 2

Angela and I have enjoyed all the lessons. Angela says she liked the lesson, "Zacchaeus" best. The lessons have been very beneficial and I really appreciate the opportunity of doing them with her. We are fortunate to have them. For this we thank God for the Sisters of Service.

Course 1

Morris enjoyed this lesson a lot. Morris liked lying down and listening to and feeling his heart beat. I feel that he has

become a little more aware of the presence of God as the source of our gift of life. He left me with the impression that he feels it is great to be alive. Isn't this wonderful!

The program is teaching all of us to be more thankful for all the God-given things we too often take for granted. Since my little boys, 4 and 6 years of age are too small to speak for themselves, I have done it for them in the following verses:

We're two little boys, only three and five
And we're so happy to be alive.
When we awaken and start our day,
We have our health to run and play.

We have the gifts of sound and sight
To welcome each new morning bright
To hear the birds and see the flowers
And all the wondrous things that's ours.

We have the senses of taste and smell
Which add to our pleasures very well.
We have our strength to reach out and touch.
For just little boys, we can do so much.

And at the end of our long day,
When we kneel by our bed to pray
How do two little boys so small
Begin to thank You for it all?

We bow our heads and then we say,
In our little childish way
"Thanks for all the day did bring
Thank you God, for everything". Amen

Since we started this program, Christopher is much more eager to say his night prayers. He now attends Mass with us and behaves very well.

Nicole has enjoyed this year's lessons at home because I give her all my time when teaching her about God and she

learns a lot better and understands more, we will be looking forward to next year's lessons. I am very grateful for those home lessons and thank you very much for helping me to teach her.

Course 2

We discussed that everything we can do can be a way of talking to God. Just being kind to someone or helping them can be a way of saying "we love you Jesus and believe in Your way of life."

I find the outlines of the lessons excellent in presenting the main theme of each lesson. Mark seems to be able to grasp the meaning behind each lesson. In Lesson 2, Mark liked discussing different ways of making people happy and enjoyed the bible reading taken from Mark 1:21-29. He read the story twice and asked questions about it.

Mark enjoys all his lessons. I think his favourite one was lesson 4 about Zaccheus. I felt I had a good response from him doing that lesson.

Thank you for all your help in the past. I hope you have a good summer. I thought you would like this poem:

You have so many helpers God,
Who give us love and care.
Our parents, teachers, doctors, friends
Of children everywhere.

They guide our feet and keep us well,
And teach us to be good.
And show us how to live in love,
As little children should.
I'm glad you have their help dear God,
You have so much to do,
And when you bless your little lambs,
Please bless their helpers too.

Thank You God!



Father Aloysius Antle, of Whitbourne, with students of Gooseberry Cove.



Father Gordon Walsh, of Long Harbour, presenting Course 1 diploma to David Brewer in Monkstown.



Father Aloysius Antle, of Whitbourne, with Sister Colette Sabourin, S.O.S. and students of Dildo area.



Father David Heale, of Carbonear, with students of Turk's Cove area.



Bishop Father Macdonald, Grand Falls Diocese, with Confirmation group, Gambo, four adults and three students.



Father Larry George, of Gambo, with First Communicants and Mothers, St. Vincents.



Mrs. Janet Hounsel, volunteer teacher, with students from Glovertown Religion Class.



Father Larry George, of Gambo, with Sister Margaret Ready, S.O.S., and First Communicants, Cull's Harbour.



Sister Adua Zampese, S.O.S., Clarenville, with students of Dildo area, at a picnic lunch during a Religion Class.



Father Larry George, of Gambo, with Sister Ready, S.O.S., presenting the lighted candle to First Communicant for her renewal of Baptism Promises.



Bishop Faber MacDonald with Confirmands, Desmond and William Ryan, Southern Bay, Newfoundland.

Ordinary People

Reprinted with permission from the Onoway Tribune, May 17, 1983.



It's easy to see why this lady can smile through an entire day. Not only does she thrive on the energy she derives from the children she teaches at the Onoway Elementary School, Sister Anstett walks with God.

In these days of indecision and questionable values, Sister Anstett breezes through her days, secure in the knowledge that her life's vocation has carried no regrets. Originally from Kitchener, Ontario, Sister Anstett entered the Sisters of Service to serve God in the working community.

Since 1964 she has resided and taught in the community of Onoway; first as a grade one teacher and for the past 16 years as the junior opportunity instructor. Her belief is that the children in her class are all made; they have special gifts bestowed on them by God.

The Sisters of Service were originally formed for the rural lifestyle. They concentrate their efforts on smaller community centres. At the present time there are 93 sisters in the order.

Although Sister Anstett has taken the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, she is far from cloistered; indeed keeping up with the Sister is a feat of its own. She presently coordinates the religious instruction for the church and works tirelessly on the various church projects.

This however, extends into her daily living especially when it concerns "her" children at school. Sister Anstett tries to expose them to many things and prepare them for life's banquet.

All is not work however, just after supper Sister Anstett and Sister Young are often found in the backyard engrossed in a game of horseshoes. Sister Anstett finds great solace in the beauty of nature and spends a great deal of time with Tuya and Keeshound, strolling the woods, collecting mushrooms or gardening.

To have values these days is difficult, to believe in those values and live by those values is near impossible. With Sister Anstett it is a way of life given her to pass unto others by her very presence.

cont. from pg. 17

I will continue to pray for all of you, that the Lord will bless you with joy, strength and peace, and that He will continue to draw you to Himself.

Love,
Colette
June 21st

The Answer

Hilda Lunney, S.O.S., Reprinted from the Field at Home

"Sister, Sister, come quickly, Mary broke her collar bone."

"Sister, Mike is downstairs crying because somebody is going to beat him up."

"Sister, those big boys pushed Jane down and her leg is all cut."

Well, after a quick examination, I discovered that Mary did not break her collar bone, that nobody was going to beat Mike and that Jane's leg was scratched, not all cut up. That's the way things are at vacation school. Everybody has problems, including myself. But most major calamities turn out to be very minor, after all.

However, there was one question which always came to mind when I prepared children for first confession. Just how well did they understand the meaning of confession? This summer I finally got my answer.

Tony came downstairs after confession with a puzzled expression on his face. I asked him how he had made out and he said "O.K.," but by his expression and by the way he followed me around, I knew there was something wrong. I didn't know exactly what it was and when I made as if to question him, he looked at me a moment and left the room.

That was when I made up my mind to get to Tony's heart before the day was over. That evening, after rosary in church, I waited outside for my little pupil. As soon as I hailed him I knew he wanted to tell me something but he didn't know quite how to go about it.

With a little prodding I finally discovered the reason for his odd behaviour.

After hesitating for a while he said, "Gee, Sister, I don't like telling my sins."

I talked to him and explained a bit more and he seemed to feel better. Tony did not realize it, but he had answered

my question. Yes, he did understand the meaning of going to confession.

A Medley of Wisdom & Wit

"How did you do in your exams, Timmy?" I asked our ten year old.

"Oh," he answered airily, "I did what George Washington did."

"What do you mean?" I inquired suspiciously.

"I went down in history!"

A couple of hikers were walking through a Florida swamp. One yelled

"Help, help! an alligator bit off my leg!"

"Which one?" cried the friend.

"I don't know," he answered. "All these alligators look alike."

Nobody who can read is ever successful at cleaning out an attic.

The doctor's new secretary had trouble interpreting his notes. In one case the doctor had written, "Shot in the lumbar region"; the secretary recorded the incident: "Wounded in the woods."

Sign in a used car lot: "For sale! Hearse with 1953 body."

The office Don Juan lost no time in trying to impress the new secretary. He launched into a recital of his accomplishments on the college football team, the dance floor, the Navy, and every other line of activity he could think of.

At the end of his lengthy monologue the girl gazed at him wide-eyed and asked quietly: "Have you ever had a group portrait taken of yourself?"

sisters SOS *service*

FIELD AT HOME

VOLUME 59, NO. 4

WINTER/JANUARY 1983

*We observed His star
at its rising
and have come
to pay Him
homage*

Matt. 2-2



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Picture Credits

Cover: Miller Services
Marilyn Gillespie, S.O.S. p. 3

Inside Back Cover:
Carmelita Camozzi, S.O.S.

Outside Back Cover:
E. Tunney, S.O.S. pgs. 5, 20,
23

Archives — S.O.S.
99th Birthday — S.O.S.
St. Catharines

THE FIELD AT HOME
is published quarterly by the
Sisters of Service
10 Montcrest Boulevard
Toronto, Canada M4K 1J7
Subscription: \$2.00 a year
Single Copy: 50 cents
Second Class Mail
Registration Number 1106
Return Postage Guaranteed

Editorial Board

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Printed by

Macdonald-Downie Ltd.

from the EDITOR'S DESK



What happens to people at Christmas? There is a sort of madness about — but a nice madness. Strangers smile at you and happiness and good humour is more evident at this time of year.

And all because a Baby is born — in a little-known hamlet — in a humble lean-to. Why? The reason is that He came to save people — many who couldn't care less — (or so they say) and all that happened nearly 2,000 years ago — a boy child was born to a poor Jewish carpenter and his wife Mary.

There are many legends of many different countries and all connected somehow with Christmas and giving.

In Sweden the Christmas season begins on St. Lucy's day, December 13th. Before daylight the eldest daughter wearing a white dress and a crown of candles enters the bedrooms of the family singing "Santa Lucia", and carries a tray with coffee, saffron buns and Christmas cookies.

On December 5th, in Germany, St. Nicholas brings candy, nuts and apples to the kiddies and on Christmas Eve the Christ child comes with gifts for all. In the Black Forest of Germany Rupert precedes Nicholas, trying to frighten the children to repentance and change for the better. But St. Nicholas has mercy as well as justice, and forgives all.

In Australia and Holland, it is a man impersonating St. Nicholas who brings gifts to deserving children, and his servant Peter leaves switches for those who have not behaved very well. The children leave their list of wants in wooden shoes or toy ships. A loaf of bread is left on the table for St. Nicholas and hay for his white horse.

Then in Canada and the U.S.A. we have our Santa Claus and his eight reindeer. I don't know how Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer, came into the pic-

ture; but there he is in song for all to sing — and he seems to belong there.

But let's not forget Dickens' Christmas Carol, a real classic for sure. Recall Marley's Ghost appearing to Scrooge to tell him that he is sending three spirits to bring about Scrooge's conversion.

Recall again Scrooge's answer to the men who were collecting for the poor: "I don't make merry myself at Christmas and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned — they cost enough."

The first spirit — the Ghost of Christmas Past — shows Scrooge shadows of things that have been.

The second spirit — the Ghost of Christmas Present — shows the poor but happy Cratchit family.

The third spirit — The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come — the Ghost of the future brings Scrooge through the streets where he hears men he knew say "Hey, old Scratch has got his own at last!"

Scrooge is brought to his home and witnesses his own lonely death, then to the graveyard and his friendless burial.

Scrooge asks the Ghost "Are these the shadows of things that will be, or are they only those of things that may be?"

Scrooge is converted and promises that he will honour Christmas in his heart and try to keep it all year.

May Christmas come to you and your heart rejoice at the greatest gift of all — the boy-child — the Son of God. All our other gifts would be meaningless unless we think in whose name they were given.

God Bless Us, Every One!

The Editor

Beginnings Have Roots

by Evelyn Tunney, S.O.S.

At a meeting of ten S.O.S. Superiors in Toronto in August, one of the topics discussed was a date and title of a day to celebrate our S.O.S. roots and our uniqueness.

"We endeavour to comprehend the richness of the patrimony left to us by our Founders, the particular Spirit of the S.O.S., the call to the most abandoned, the kinds of adaptation needed for our Apostolate. We dedicate ourselves ever more and more to the responsible use of this Heritage."

(from the Constitutions and Statutes of the S.O.S.)

September 18th has been set aside as a Special Day, under the title "Heritage Day", an annual remembrance.

At the Motherhouse the day started with a Mass offered by Father Clement Crusoe, S.J., requested by Sister Rita Hurley.

After the Gospel reading Sister Helen Hayes, (Sister General) presented each of the sisters present with her mission for the year. Just then we had a great down-pour of rain endangering our plans for a tree-planting ceremony.

Following Mass we had a delicious brunch. As the meal ended so had the rain, so all assembled in the grounds of the Motherhouse for the "tree-planting".

It has been said that an "apple tree" was chosen because of Sister C. Donnelly's known liking for apples. A few days earlier Sister Hayes asked me to find out from reliable sources what would be the best kind of apple tree to plant. I phoned some libraries and was asked the title and author of the book — and that I would have to go to the library to examine their lists.

In response to a call to the Dept. of Agriculture they advised me that they would mail me some brochures on the

subject. (The mail would not arrive before Sunday) I was getting nowhere fast when I remembered the Apple Growers Association, and after a finger-walk through the pages of Bell I saw the name "Apple Corp." Eureka — at last. The lady on the phone said that they had lots of brochures on the Apple, so I said I would be right down.

Stepping into this establishment I felt I was in the Land of Oz or some other weird place — sure they had only computing machines — the APPLE MACHINE. Evidently, so I was told, the inventor owned an orchard and hence he called his invention the APPLE. Well, anyway, it all started with the Apple, didn't it?

But my trip was not in vain, as the young gentleman there called a man well-known to him who was in the apple growing industry and let me speak to him. His answer to my query was a very definite "Dwarf McIntosh Apple".

Sister Jansen had left the choice of tree up to John, our maintenance man, and fortunately he wisely purchased a "DWARF MCINTOSH APPLE TREE".

The tree was blessed by Father Crusoe and Sister Jansen shovelled the earth well around the roots while the sun shone on us from clear skies.

We had special vespers at five. Sister Rita Patenaude explained the procedure commencing with the lighting of candles, singing of hymns and prayers. The meal which followed had been prepared by the S.O.S. who live at No. 12 and 648, nearby. A huge decorated cake with the words "HERITAGE DAY, SEPT. 18, 1983" had been baked by Sister Anne Johnson's niece, Mrs. Rita Cowell.

The evening closed with a sing-song with Sister Helen Hayes at the piano

We were pleased to share our celebrations with Miss Owenie McKeon of Sher-

Heritage Day in Halifax

by Joan Coffey, S.O.S.

brooke, Quebec (en route to visit some shrines of Our Lady in Europe) and the last person to see Sister Rosemarie Hudon before she died on May 18th this year. You could rightly say that Owenie relates to our heritage as she has been a friend of the S.O.S. for over fifty years.

A tree that looks at God all day and
lifts her leafy arms to pray.

(from *Trees* by Joyce Kilmer)



"The Dwarf apple tree is planted". September 18th, 1983.

For us in Halifax, Heritage Day meant going back to our roots so as to find new hope and inspiration for going ahead. Halifax — where the sisters have been meeting the boats carrying immigrants and seeing them safely on their way to new homes in Canada. Halifax — where Sister Lydia Tyszko now serves as chaplain to the Polish Community (immigrants). The latest ones jumped ship in Halifax and found Sister.

The celebrations were set to begin at 5:30 p.m. During the afternoon Sister Tyszko was working at the Polish Picnic. Sister Bertha Jackson was busy at St. John XXIII Parish at a baptismal ceremony. Sister Sally Liota had met the parents some years previously on their arrival from Italy. Sister Isabel Ellis and Theresa Duffley were mingling with the people at the Polish Picnic.

Sister Hilda Lunney with Sister Duffley prepared the Liturgy while Sisters Joan Coffey and Rita Sullivan prepared the festive supper. All came together just before 5:30. The Liturgy centred on the theme "Light and Mission". Sister Lunney commissioned each Sister in the name of Sister Helen Hayes to go forth to serve in Halifax and Dartmouth this year.

Following the meal slides were shown of other S.O.S. missions. During the evening the Papal Visit was discussed. We were reminded of the plaque on our residence which reads:

"In this vicinity about 1759 was the first public place of worship for Roman Catholics in Halifax where they were administered to by M. L'Abbe Maitland, Missionary to the Acadians and Indians.

The Nova Scotia Historical Society, 1932".

Just another facet of our heritage.

Sister Margaret Guest



On September 28th, the S.O.S. in St. Catharines celebrated the 60th Anniversary of Sister Margaret Guest's entry into the Sisters of Service.

Eight sisters from the Motherhouse and area arrived in St. Catharines in time to visit with the sisters there, before assembling in the Chapel for Mass at eleven.

Father Charles Padanyi, resident chaplain, celebrated the Mass. He thoughtfully forfeited the privilege of giving the homily to allow a few of the sisters to recall something of their own personal involvement with Sister Guest over the years. Sister Anne Johnson, Sister Margaret Morgan, Sister Guest's last and first postulants, recalled a few short anecdotes and stories of those happy days now long gone. Sister Pauline Coates who was Sister Guest's assistant when she was Novice Mistress, spoke with nostalgia of those lean years and also of Sister's thoughtfulness and integrity.

Sister Marian Haut told us that Sister Guest was the first contact she had with the S.O.S., having read an article by Sister Guest when she visited in Denver.

Mrs. Betty Haut, of Davenport, was visiting and the sisters appreciated the big help she gave in preparing the festive meal and the decorations.

It was good to be there to see good spirits exchanged between the sisters and staff.

Sister Guest, though she has been ill for some time now, really enjoyed all the festivities. Certainly we received many smiles from her. Sister always enjoyed a good story and it was good to see her smile and laugh at the many retold anecdotes and tales from the past.

Sister has served the Community well. She entered the S.O.S. on September 29th, 1923. She was missioned to Camp Morton, Manitoba, in September 1924. She taught school there and in September 1926 was appointed Superior.

Sister was appointed the first S.O.S. Novice Mistress on April 12th, 1928. The first Novice Mistresses were Mother Lidwina and Mother Othelia of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Toronto. These sisters are fondly remembered by the Sisters of Service, especially those who were in the Novitiate during the years 1922 to 1928.

After nine years as Novice Mistress Sister Guest was elected as the first elected Sister General of the Sisters of Service at the first General Chapter. May 16th, 1937, Pentecost Sunday, will go down in the history of the Sisters of Service as a remarkable date. For the first time the Sisters assembled in a General Chapter and elected their first Superior General and her Councillors, Sisters Margaret Guest, Florence Regan and Carolyn Albury.

In later years Sister Guest completed successfully courses in Hospital Administration and Medical Records, and as Regd. Record Librarian, she set up the Medical Record Department in St. John's Hospital, Edson. The Hospital owes Sis-

ter a great debt of gratitude as her efforts had much to do with the attainment of Accreditation by the Canadian Hospital Association.

Sr. Guest's contribution to the community is well known to all the S.O.S., but there is much that can only be told by silence.

THE GREATEST SERVICE

The greatest service one can render to mankind is to help a soul to eternal salvation. The poorer, the more abandoned is the soul, the greater is the service.

This is so true that we may rightly say that the whole life of our Divine Saviour was unreservedly consumed in the service of our souls — "HE CAME NOT TO BE SERVED, BUT TO SERVE."

Missionaries have always been attracted to this service of the most abandoned souls. The dedication of their life to them is the greatest proof of their love for God.

What an opportunity is offered for this divine service in the great Home Mission Field of Canada. At our very doors countless souls are drifting from their Christian moorings and already have been swept into the sea of religious indifference. To these souls the Sisters of Service have dedicated their life.

Will YOU come and join them in their work of mercy? The Divine Master and the great Home Mission Field invite you. WILL YOU COME?

Adapted from *"A Call to Service"*
By: Rev. George Daly, C.Ss.R.

A Christmas Past

Mary MacDougall, S.O.S.

Pat was our man-Friday that year, no doubt about it. He was a blond, cheerful Grade XII student who boarded at our Dormitory in Rycroft. Pat was always ready to do a good turn for the neighbour and did you ever hear of a Sister not taking advantage of such a situation? Pat was especially helpful at Christmas when teachers have so many different projects in hand. Sister Marie MacDougall was preparing a Christmas pageant and she had Pat help her with the scenery one day. While moving poles from one corner to another she bumped into Pat and just about knocked out his eye. In answer to her profuse apologies Pat answered cheerfully, "Oh, it doesn't matter, Sister. I didn't need that eye!"

The next day Pat was pressed into service at the Silverwood school, six miles away from Rycroft, where Sister Hudon taught and where a Christmas party was in progress. There was need of a Santa Claus — so Pat gallantly volunteered. He dressed in the costume and drove to school. Leaving the car in a secluded spot he came through a field and over a snow drift from an unexpected direction in true Santa Claus fashion. Such a satisfactory St. Nick added enchantment to the party. The little ones were so appreciative that Pat remarked afterwards he couldn't decide who enjoyed the party more — himself or the pupils.

From. F.A.H. Jan. 1961

You cannot visit the child without visiting the mother; you cannot in common life approach the child except through the mother. If we are to think of Christ in this aspect at all, the other idea follows as it is followed in history. We must either leave Christ out of Christmas, or Christmas out of Christ, or we must admit, if only as we admit it in an old picture, that those holy heads are too near together

for the haloes not to mingle and cross.

G. K. Chesterton

A first grade boy was disturbed because he was afraid that the big boys were going to beat up on him on the way to and from school. The child's teacher discussed the youngster's worry with the head of the Sunday School. The director suggested that the teacher encourage the little one to be strong and to remember that he had a guardian angel to help take care of him.

The next day there was a message on the director's desk:

Jane phoned to say Christopher isn't allowed to have a guardian angel because he lives in an apartment.

C. Camozzi, S.O.S.

The world's shortest ghost story: the last man on earth sat down in his room. Suddenly there was a knock on the door.

Bits & Pieces

Absolute freedom is being able to do what you please without considering anyone except the wife and kids, the company and the boss, neighbors and friends, the police and the government, the doctor and the church.

Bits & Pieces

Many people have the right aim in life but they never pull the trigger.

This special section of the FIELD AT HOME
is dedicated to:



SISTER CATHERINE DONNELLY

Feb. 24, 1884 — Sept. 5, 1983

Co-Founder and First Sister of Service



Sister Catherine Donnelly, one of three co-founders of the Sisters of Service, died on Sept. 5, 1983. She was 99.

Born in Alliston, Ont., Feb. 24, 1884, Catherine taught in Ontario from 1904 to 1917. She then responded to a call from the West for more teachers.

In the West, she was appalled by the lack of facilities to nourish the faith of the new immigrants, many of whom were Catholic.

Catherine became convinced that only sisters whose lives were totally dedicated to living and working among the people could solve the problem.

But when she tried to convince existing religious communities in Ontario of the need, they found the idea too revolutionary.

Catherine had already been in touch with Reverend Arthur Coughlan, then Provincial of the Toronto Province of the Redemptorists. He was sufficiently impressed by her idea that, after she had returned West, he approached Archbishop MacNeil and with the active encouragement and support of the Archbishop, the decision was made to found a new community.

Sister Donnelly was the first candidate to enter the Sisters of Service, in August 1922.

Sister Donnelly's contribution to the order was the idea of a community of religious who would live in isolated communities, which had no priest or church, and who would teach in public schools and live among the people of the local community.





Mr. Hugh Donnelly and his three daughters. Left to right: Theresa Elizabeth (Tess), Mary Loretta (Mayme) and Catherine (Katie).

Seven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly but four died in childhood. All were born on their farm home — one half mile from Immaculate Conception Church in North Adjala.

After Mrs. Donnelly's death in 1905 the family moved to Alliston where the girls attended school.

The above picture was taken in 1906.



Catherine Donnelly, a skilled rider.



Catherine Donnelly in her teens.



Sisters Catherine Wymbs, Margaret Guest and Catherine Donnelly. August, 1924, missioned to Camp Morton, Manitoba.

The three sisters had just made their Vows. Sister Wymbs was a Nurse, Sisters Guest and Donnelly were teachers.

Camp Morton

August 18, 1974



The Jubilarians, Sister Catherine Donnelly and Sister Margaret Guest.

We had three Golden Jubilarians in August 1974. Sisters Catherine Donnelly and Margaret Guest were both in the West, so it was decided to celebrate their Jubilee in Camp Morton, our first Western mission where both sisters had begun their long and fruitful apostolate as Sisters of Service.

Camp Morton is small and the lives of the sisters there have been inextricably bound to the lives of the people. Thus the celebration in Morton was far more than as S.O.S. event.

One of the highlights was the presentation of a Papal Medal to Sister Catherine Donnelly, a co-Foundress of our Community, by His Eminence George Bernard Cardinal Flahiff, Archbishop of Winnipeg, who was the principal celebrant at a concelebrated Mass. Another highlight was a telegram



The S.O.S. family with the clergy after the liturgical celebration. Front row, left to right: Sisters Lidwina Furman, Magdalen Barton, Agnes Dwyer, Helen Hayes (Sister General), Catherine Donnelly, His Eminence Cardinal G. B. Flahiff, Sisters Margaret Guest, Lena Renaud, Domitilla Morrison, Alice Walsh, Leona Trautman. Back row, left to right: Father Moore, Sisters Viola Mossey, Margaret Morgan, Rita MacLellan, Margaret Murphy, Joan Coffey, Clare Gilmore, Agnes Sheehan, Rosemarie Hudon, Pauline Coates, Celestine Reinhardt, and Father Hoeks.

from the Right Honourable Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Prime Minister of Canada. The telegram read as follows:



Ottawa, August 15, 1974

*Reverend Sister Catherine
Donnelly, S.O.S.
Camp Morton, Manitoba*

I send my congratulations to you, to Sister Margaret Guest and to Sister Kathleen Schenck on the fiftieth anniversary of your profession as members of the Sisters of Service. Your Community has given fifty wonderful years of devoted service to God and Canada. The Sisters of Service are a body of great Canadian women.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau

Cardinal Flahiff presents the medal from Pope Paul to Sister Donnelly. Sister Hayes is with Sister Donnelly.



Mrs. Joseph Eiers presenting roses to Sister Guest.

At the Mass on August 18th, Reverend Fathers Michael Moore and T. Hoeks concelebrated with his Eminence, the Cardinal. The Premier of Manitoba was represented by the Honourable J. R. Boyce, Minister of Corrective and Rehabilitative Services. Mr. Adam Franz spoke on behalf of the Municipality. Mrs. Joseph Eiers stole the show with her heart-warming description of the hardships endured by the sisters in the early days in Morton. She expressed the people's appreciation of the sacrifices the sisters had made for their children. Her tribute was followed by a presentation of roses to both Sister Donnelly and Sister Guest.

Mr. Joseph Dzydz, President of the Parish Council, presented the community with a plaque which includes a list of all the sisters who have served in Camp Morton. The Cardinal then bestowed the Papal Medal on Sister Donnelly in recognition of the work she had accomplished for the pioneer Church in Western



The beautiful jubilee cake baked by Mrs. Eva Bobrovich.



Parish Council President, Mr. Joseph Dzydz, and Sister Hayes hold the plaque so that all present may see it.



Honourable J. R. Boyce (left), representing the Manitoba Government, and Mr. Adam Franz, representing the Municipality.



Mrs. Eiers with (left) Sister Reinhardt, a former teacher at Camp Morton, and (right) Sister Lena Renaud.



The overflow crowd outside the church.

A full course luncheon was served. Mrs. Eva Bobrovich had baked a large cake in the form of an open book. On one side the motto, "I Have Come to Serve," was inscribed in the icing. On the other side the words of the Our Father were written. Perhaps you can visualize the size of this fruit cake.

Friends and former pupils from Winnipeg and beyond swelled the crowd which could not fit inside the church. Loud-speakers brought the ceremony to those unfortunate enough not to get into the church.

Prominent, of course, in all the preparation was Sister Lena Renaud, who de-

licated great amounts of thought and time to the celebration.

In accepting the medal from Pope Paul, Sister Donnelly had said that it would take too long to pay tribute to all the sisters who had been links in the chain of service, so she spoke of the one who had served the longest in Camp Morton, Sister Lena Renaud, a sister of many talents. Sister Donnelly said she wished Sister Renaud could be multiplied a hundred times and there would be a hundred places in Western Canada where her services as educator and social worker would be sought eagerly.

1918



During the flu epidemic (1918) rural teachers in southern Alberta helped in nursing the sick in their homes. Miss Donnelly is shown here crossing the prairie on horse back "no saddle, no bridle but a good ride nevertheless".

1939



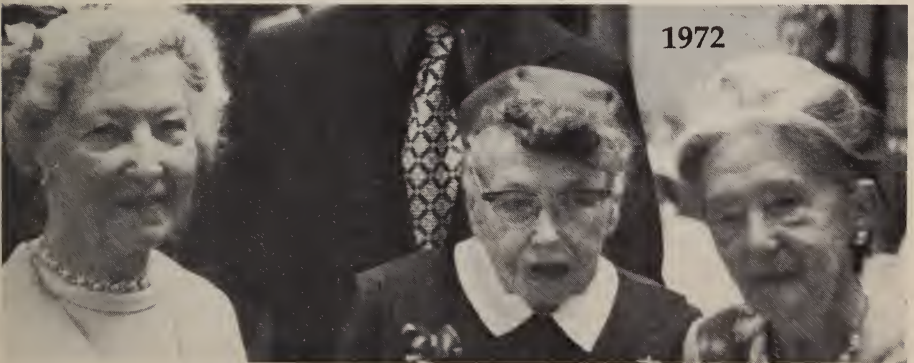
Sr. C. Donnelly and a group of school children at Marquis, Sask. (likely 1939).

1983



Feb. 26, 1983 — Her 99th Birthday with Sisters Agnes Hearn & Alena Bryden, St. Catharines, Ont.

1972



Sr. Donnelly and friends at the Golden Jubilee celebration, 1972.

The First Days of Loyola Continuation School - Sinnett, Sask.

Catherine Donnelly, S.O.S.

In late August 1940 two Sisters of Service arrived in Sinnett to begin a new adventure in teaching in Saskatchewan. They were met by the Pastor and driven north to the frame hall which had once been the parish church.

Furniture, bought in Regina, had come ahead by truck but only the kitchen stove had been set up. A single new partition divided the hall into classroom and living quarters. Other necessary changes and repairs were yet to be made but — we were told — we would have a carpenter for only a few days.

Father Dunphy and the carpenter, Mr. Megery, set up a bed for us then left. We got a good fire burning in the stove, had a lunch ferreted out from the boxes of food supplies, then retired.

We got things unpacked next morning and put them away as neatly as possible on the floor or on the few shelves available. There were no book cases, cupboards or tables.

First the carpenter had to subdivide the living quarters. We decided to board up a window between the kitchen and the classroom and move the kitchen door from the west side to face the road. Of first importance was a means of access to the basement. The new windows were just holes and the porch had slumped away from the building which would allow snow to pile up in the winter. None of the old windows would open. Many improvements and repairs had to wait until the bitter days of winter.

Fortunately, the school secretary, Mr. Cunningham, called very early to see about ordering blackboards and desks.

We had no toilet accommodations and no water. For the latter we depended on Father and the Dodds family.

The first Sunday was a busy one. The Pastor had asked the people to call on the

sisters to tell them about the children who would be our first pupils. The parents were anxious that their children should finish Grade XI by the following summer. (The children, until then, had been doing high school work by correspondence.) We encouraged the students to start at once and to plan for a good, heavy drive of school work.

We needed an average of fifteen students attending to obtain the full school grant. The teacher's salary of \$700 per year would be totally insufficient without a good school grant. We still had school furniture and supplies and fuel to buy. We needed a chimney for the classroom, a furnace of some kind for the basement, and a stove for the living quarters. A chapel had to be partitioned off, painted and provided with an altar and other essentials.

Father Dunphy and some of the parents were most anxious that music lessons be given without delay. Sister Philips, who was in Edmonton, was supposed to come for music but had become ill and would not be with us for some time. I (Sister Donnelly) gave what time I could during the fall months to explaining the theory of music and guiding some of the students in a little practice at the piano. This was to encourage them to keep up their hopes. The essential thing was the regular school work though tremendously heavy.

The regular studies would require a good full year of concentrated work so school must start on September third. It did. The classroom was not ready, no seats, no blackboards — nothing. The hammering was going on apace. We decided to find a shady place outside and use a program of study which would advance some of the subjects at least. We finally located north of the Church in the shade of the building. The temperature

was 104 in the shade, almost unbearable, yet none of the children complained. There were just a baker's dozen of them that hot, inconvenient day. We have to "hand it" to those thirteen pioneers. They had what it takes to persevere cheerfully under real difficulties.

With fifteen students started there was still some doubt that we would have an average of fifteen. Florence Blanchard, Father Dunphy's housekeeper, wishing to learn French and some other subjects was put on the register as was Sister Anne McCourt, my assistant, who took grade XI subjects.

The girls of Grade XI were particularly anxious to have chemistry which was required to enter a school of nursing. I asked the trustees to send for chemistry supplies and we made a trip to Sedley to get some equipment from Reverend Mother Ferdinand, the superior of the Loretto sisters there. She helped us considerably.

(Ed.'s note: Mother Ferdinand, as a very young teacher, had taught with Catherine Donnelly before either of them became sisters. She remained a staunch friend through the years and was present for Sister Donnelly's funeral.)

When the boxes of chemical supplies came, there was no cupboard for them and no place in which to carry out experiments. All that had to be arranged later. The more things that came in, the more chaos and disorder around the classroom. It was a steady drive to keep the classes going in all subjects. I was busy day and night with no time at all to leave the place, to meet the people or to become acquainted with the families.

We had no caretaker though we had been told that the school floor must be scrubbed once a month so we did janitor service too. It had been understood that

our wood would be supplied by the school board and the people. However, when our very small supply gave out on a bitterly cold weekend we had to round up some young men to bring a load of wood for the place was miserably cold.

For cellar accommodation there was a hole under the kitchen. A rectangular piece was finally cut in the kitchen floor to make a trap door. Steep steps led almost perpendicularly down; behind the steps there was a cistern partly filled with rain water. It was a laborious business to get down the steps, crawl behind them on the mud floor and slowly lower a pail on a rope into the water. But we needed this water for scrubbing and doing the laundry.

The toilet problem had to be attended to very early in the term. I appealed to the boys to do the digging though I hated to take them from their school work but there seemed to be no other solution. The boys dug hard and well. Soon we had two excavations on one of which we immediately erected a building. I did some of the hammering and found it quite simple to erect a small building if one had 2 by 4's, some lumber, shingles, a hammer and nails, and TIME. Of the last mentioned there was none to spare from the heavy school program — grades eight to twelve inclusive — and chemistry not yet started. It got so there was no time for sleep if we kept up with the expectations.

More building had to be done. A shelter was needed for the children's horses. The boys again went to work manfully and, in a relatively sheltered spot north of the church, built a roughly-constructed stable.

Very early on Mr. Murphy, the School Superintendent from Humboldt, arrived. He inspected everything, asked many questions about my qualifications

and my interest in and ability to write drama. He proposed that I write an historical play which would portray the story of the founding the colony at Sinnett and the life of the people there in the early days. He hoped that the Loyola students would be able to act the drama very soon. I had always been greatly interested in, and naturally inclined toward, drama. So I at last consented to do my best with the project. I started immediately to gether information by writing to Dr. Fleming, M.P. for Humboldt, who had lived in Sinnett. He willingly consented to help and sent a long letter full of encouragement and information.

On the day of Mr. Murphy's visit the hammer was swinging as usual. By this time there were piles of shavings, paper, dust and rubbish, wood, boards and tools scattered everywhere. And there were hundreds of flies with more coming in. Disorder, chaos were the order of the day. Mr Murphy observed the goings-on but seemed well satisfied with the progress the classes had made. He visited Father Dunphy who assured him that nothing against the Saskatchewan school laws would be done. The Superintendent seemed fearful that there might be religious pictures or something school-law-defying going on.

Then Sister General Guest arrived. She was buoyant, hopeful, delighted with everything. This kind of work with rural children was indeed the desire of her heart. She talked to the children, inspiringly, lovingly. On Sunday, Father Dunphy drove Sister Guest and I to Englefeldt to see the Wingert family and then to Humboldt to call on Dr. Fleming and his charming wife and family. We were invited to stay for dinner, an invitation we gladly accepted. When Sister Guest left us the following morning she had high hopes that the crude beginning

would develop into something worthwhile, even superb.

So the days moved on in the old hall turned school and residence. The building had to be insulated. Father did this with Florence Blanchard and I handing him, atop the ladder, pails of insulating material which he dropped between the walls. We had finally got an old stove for the classroom. It smoked, smoked, smoked and the pipes repeatedly fell down. It took a bit of training until the boys would get up, fix the pipes, all without calling me.

Finally the carpenters came to make the altar and we persuaded them to make two strong tables for the classroom as well as some shelves to hold books. All, except the altar, were made of rough wood but they were a most welcome addition.

Our visitors that autumn were few. Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan of Punnichy drove over one Sunday to bring us gifts and to see if we were comfortable. (Ed. note: These were the parents of Sister Agnes Sheehan, S.O.S.) Old Mr. Winters, the former Anglican pastor who lives a few miles away, sent word that he was coming to call. He arrived one very cold evening, stayed a short while and chatted about himself and about our work. He seemed pleased that we were there. He was crippled but managed to get into the buggy and drive his quiet horse. He evidently felt it was his duty to call and welcome us which he did very courteously.

All that fall of 1940 we had water and wood problems, food problems, smoking stoves, books and chemistry supplies waiting for shelves and many other inconveniences. Yet the children came bravely and cheerfully every day and they studied diligently. There was a magnificent spirit. Not a single one of

the students hesitated when called upon to sing, even to sing alone, to make a speech or to take part in a play. That spirit with which the pioneers of Loyola Continuation School were imbued, has lived on. The students of that first year started a tradition. The school spirit and

the school were born and nurtured. We hope and pray that their development and true success will be magnificent.

Edited and prepared for publication by Ella Zink, S.O.S.

S.O.S. in Arizona



While teaching at the school in Hawk Hills, Alberta, Sister Waltrude Donnelly retired from her position because of ill health and received permission to reside with members of her family in Arizona.

Sister taught in schools in Camp Morton, Manitoba; and Rycroft, Peace River and Hawk Hills, Alberta; and Christian Island Indian School, Ontario. She was also missioned at the Regina and Edmonton Catechetical Houses.

Since going to Arizona, a more favorable climate, Sister is feeling much better and has become involved in the Parish life in Willcox.

She writes that a group of ladies in the Parish invited her to help sort out clothing and other articles for the poor of the Parish. There was a good response from the parishioners so the ladies held a Yard Sale. Every Sunday the parishioners bring food for the poor of the parish. Now they are considering should they become a unit of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The women meet one Wednesday monthly, their purpose, spiritual and financial. One or two Days of Recollection are planned for the Benedictine Monastery at St. David or Picture Rock Retreat

House near Tucson, where the Redemptorists Fathers are stationed. Dinners and teas are held which are open to the public and the proceeds from the sale of tickets are used to help the poor. Frequent bake sales are also held.

Every Sunday, between the 8:30 a.m. and 10:30 Masses, there are classes for Religious Instruction for the children, and the parents have been asked to register their children for these lessons.

During the summer vacation Bible Classes were conducted for the children, Kindergarten to Grade VI. The children enjoyed these classes, especially the arts and crafts which were also taught — and of course the break for a special treat.

There are prayer meetings every Tuesday. This year a Sister from Tucson introduced Community Churches where groups of 3 to 6 families meet for Bible study at one of the homes, about every two weeks. Sister returned every month for a report from the leaders and to suggest topics of study. Since the Parish is English and Spanish the members divided according to language. A Spanish priest from Picture Rock Retreat House conducted the meeting for the Spanish. After the reports of these meetings are evaluated they will decide if Community Churches will continue.

Bishop Manuel Moreno is expected in Willcox on December 14th for Confirmation. This will be his first visit to the parish.

The majority of the men in the parish are Knights of Columbus. They provide breakfast at the Parish Hall each month for their families. This has done a great deal towards making the parish a family.

Another family gathering is the Parish Picnic held in one of the large parks, in July. Many help in the preparation by donations, providing food for the dinner

and baké sales. Others erect booths, transport the tables and chairs from the Parish Hall and even games from Tucson. Sister's personal motto "What shall I render to the Lord?" is quite fitting; for here she asks "What am I doing? I am doing what I can to help others and find it a very busy, happy, healthy life in a very wonderful climate where we are able to keep warm in winter and cool in summer."

Now in her retirement, Sister Donnelly is able to live and enjoy her fulfillment of the Community motto "I HAVE COME TO SERVE".



Sister Helen Hayes, Sister General, on her visitation with Sister Waltrude Donnelly in Willcox, Arizona. Members of the Donnelly family in background.

We Have Served



OUR DECEASED SISTERS January, February and March Anniversaries

Eileen Bridgeo	Jan. 1, 1971
Jeannette Kinch	Jan. 7, 1969
Florence Regan	Jan. 8, 1972
Mary MacNeil	Jan. 26, 1933
Carolyn Albury	Feb. 5, 1978
Josephine Dulaska	Feb. 18, 1978
Catherine Wymbs	Feb. 23, 1954
Anne O'Connor	Feb. 23, 1981
Anne Geraghty	Mar. 8, 1963
Lidwina Furman	Mar. 14, 1978
Mary Burke	Mar. 22, 1967
Kathleen Schenck	Mar. 24, 1976

Thank You, St. John's

From The Edson Leader

For twenty years St. John's Hospital in Edson, Alberta, was my mission as a Sister of Service. After reading the following letter I was convinced that our subscribers would be interested to hear what one of St. John's patients has to say about the spirit of nursing care at the hospital; Joseph Radencich has something nice to say about each of the staff but I am selecting just a few. I thank the writer for acknowledging these courtesies and good nursing care. We like to hear words of appreciation.

Ed.'s note

"During my recent medical problem I had the great fortune to be a convalescent at St. John's Hospital in Edson. I would like to publicly express my appreciation for the superb care and service while I was their patient. I could say "thank you" to all the hospital staff, but this is so impersonal. I like to deal on a personal basis.

I would like to thank Dr. Macdonald for admitting me so I could receive this extraordinary care and service. Dr. Bainbridge for eliminating that toothache feeling of my gout. Although I did not meet any other doctor I am sure I would have received their professional care also.

Thanks to Sister Daley for helping my mother from church to the hospital; Sister Harding for encouraging me so that the spirit of Terry Fox made me try a little harder; Sister Allen for finding out how Sister Hurley and Sister Knopic are doing after their medical problems, also Reverend Feller — the Edmonton Trappers may be able to use Bob yet.

The next is a list of nurses and nurses aides each with a little anecdote to remember each person more easily:

Judy Antonello — my ambition is to peel that orange by myself.

Maria Bals — still on the ball.

Karen Court — a nice cheerful morning greeting.

Adrian Danker — that motherly touch.

Anne Fyfe — I still don't know Dr. B's age.

Bev Hersak — thank you for allowing me to be a bit of a night owl.

Betty Hicks — made me so ashamed of myself after she called me by my tongue twister of a name that she remembered from a previous hospitalization and I couldn't remember.

Colleen Piercy — I wish we had more time to talk. I hope the protestants and catholics resolve their differences.

Helen Taulien — thank you for that early Sunday morning chat.

There are probably many others I dealt with and somehow did not get their names and to whom I apologize.

Approximately a year ago I became hospitalized at St. John's. However, due to an unfortunate accident I was unable to express my thanks at that time; but after my stay this time I have discovered the quality of care remains unchanged.

Lab technician, Joan Solverson who took my blood sample so painlessly that I wanted her to do it again. Physiotherapists, Sue Friends and Hazel Ramsey who helped me put my best foot forward.

Although I did not have much business with information clerks Helen Chwyl, Vivian Maynard and Suzanne Thebeau, while sitting in the front lounge I noticed their cheery smile and pleasant disposition to all visitor's enquiries. Ditto for accounting clerks Monica Franke, Shelly Pearson, Clare Bampton and Lloyd Somers.

My thanks to dietitian Denise Holmen and Dicie Connelly for changing my attitude from one of live to eat to eat to live; laundry staffers Irene Yurkevich, Marge

Sparks, Maureen Preece and Mary Tailby who made me feel like a king with such clean linen and returning my clean pyjamas before I had a chance to soil them.

Maintenance staffers Allan Boarer, Harry Kendall, Stella McDonald, Johanna Dororec and Marie Jonnasson a very heartfelt thanks for keeping my room and the rest of the hospital so clean plus doing numerous small favors for me.

Many thanks to the candystripers Michelle Kuzmic, Tania Raddolph, Lisa Aide, Heidi Biehler, Sandy Dykema, Yvonne Dykstra, Tammy Vanderveen, Judie Vanderveen, Marina Kuzic, Cindy Weisser with special mention of Tammy Velichko who although didn't have to do what I asked her did it without question.

To my fellow patients where a camaraderie soon developed to help pass the time, a very special thanks. To little Nicole, I hope your fever never returns and you spend many enjoyable hours with Sesame Street, Barney and Fred Flintstone; to Mrs. Velma Fisher my next door neighbour for awhile. I would have liked to talk to you but was unable due to my inability to walk.

To Ann Radomski, after hearing of your experiences and way you coped with them one sees that quality of true grit emanating from you.

To Francis Mellersh, thank you for Mary Lou loves you. I am going to get it framed and occupy a prominent place in my home.

To Marie, thanks for the memories; to Sylvia, thanks for helping me with my chicken; to Brenda, you are Miss Canada material.

I have heard and read that the spirit of nursing à la Florence Nightingale style is dead; if this is the case it has resurrected itself in St. John's Hospital. If the edict

proposed by Hospitals' Minister Dave Russell becomes effective after October 1, I am more than willing to spend my last red cent to be hospitalized in St. John's Hospital, Edson.

Once again thank you everybody for a most enjoyable rehabilitation.

Joseph Radencich

Love those Edson people!



SURPRISE IN HEAVEN

Author Unknown

I dreamt Death came the other night,
Our Heaven's gate swung wide
An Angel with a halo bright
Ushered me inside.

And there! to my astonishment,
Stood folks I'd judged and labeled;
as 'quite awful!' of little worth
and 'spiritually disabled'!

Indignant words rose to my lips
But never were set free,
For every face showed stunned surprise,
No one expected ME!

Bragging, By the Sea and By the Way

Carmelita Camozzi, S.O.S.

"Have you had a feed of lobster yet?" I asked the children down by the shore.

"No," said the little one, "my father catches them and sells them all to the rich people who is too lazy to go out and gets their own."

I was immediately taken with the ring of the little children. One child read my awe correctly; she took her little sister by the hand and gave an impromptu speech on how smart her sister was. As if her words were not proof enough of her sister's brightness she called upon the highest authority she knew to verify her viewpoint, "The teachers at school all thinks she's smart for her age, too."

I was reminded of Homer, the poet who wrote of the brave deeds of others. The children's ability to extol the excellence of their family was heart-warming. I experienced an after-glow of joy from being in their presence.

The little braggers amused me and I began to think of other colorful people like them who had endeared themselves to me over the years, Mary Ann Bridget was one of them.

In her old age, Mary Ann Bridget liked to dwell on her childhood and recall her ability to memorize verse. She told a story of her teacher listening to another child's recitation and she recalled how the student stumbled over her work. Mary Ann Bridget found the stammering very amusing. She imitated her teacher's voice and words to her, and she said with great delight, "You go right ahead and laugh, Mary Ann Bridget, you know your work so well that you can afford to laugh at others." As I listened to her tell her stories I couldn't blame her for wanting to dwell on something she was good at doing. Her work as a cook, even though she was a good cook, often went unsung.

She told another incident about her

teacher sending her home to change her dirty pinny. Mary Ann Bridget returned to school with her clean pinny. She said that her teacher was anxious to know if she were reprimanded for getting her clothes so dirty. "The teacher," she said, "asked me, 'What did your mither say when she saw your dirty pinafore?' " Mary Ann Bridget said, "I says to her, I says, 'Me mither told me to tell you that there's another clean pinny where this one comes from.'"

Because Mary Ann Bridget had a flair for bragging she could easily detect it in others. A young woman from her village went away to the city; she came back full of airs. Thereafter she ended many of her sentences with, "Back in County Westmeath, where I was." "Sure," said Mary Ann Bridget, "she didn't have to add 'where I was' we all knew 'where' she 'was'."

Mary Ann Bridget could be haughty about other innocent things as well. I recall her saying more than once, usually when I was putting the boiled eggs in egg cups, "Lots of educated people don't know how to put an egg in an egg cup. They don't know that you're supposed to put the pointed side side down so's the spoon'll fit in the egg better when you're eating it."

We hear the expression, "She has nothing to brag about." I have never met that she, have ye?



A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

CHRISTMAS is the time of year for remembering loved ones, for a missionary these loved ones can be recalled from the big cities or from the quiet coves. One such loved one it is easy to bring to mind is Sean Taylor of Peter-view, Newfoundland. Sean is seen here with his little boat. He explained why he is unable to take her out: "Before I can take her out I needs a licence, a lifejacket and a flashlight, last year you needed them too, but this year they're checking up on you."

Sean reminds us of the scripture passage, "A Child shall lead them". Sean acted as a guide to lead me to Catholic families in his area who wanted correspondence courses in religion for their children.

Carmelita Camozzi, S.O.S.



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